# The Outlook

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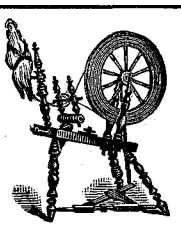

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# The Outlook

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**Action Against Anarchists** The murderer of the Empress of Austria is not likely to escape the just retribution of his cowardly deed. Although under the laws of Switzerland the death penalty could not be imposed upon him, there is reason to believe that sufficient grounds exist for his extradition, and that his trial will take place on Austrian soil; in that event there is little doubt of the infliction of prompt punishment. The indignation which the crime has aroused ought to be sufficient notice to destructive Anarchists that society will neither make terms with them nor be intimidated by them. If the social order requires sacrifices, it is evident that the victims will not shrink; whatever may be the failings of monarchs, cowardice has rarely been among them. The crime has excited special indignation in Switzerland, because that little republic has so consistently held its door open to political refugees of every kind. Surrounded as it is by powerful neighbors, it has successfully maintained the right of asylum. There was something peculiarly base, therefore, in violating the hospitality of Switzerland by taking advantage of the presence of the Empress on Swiss soil to commit so atrocious and cowardly a murder. But Switzerland, although an asylum for political refugees of every kind, is not an asylum for assassins; and the crime of the Italian Anarchist Luccheni is likely to result in greater watchfulness on the part of the Swiss authorities over those who seek in that country shelter from the prosecutions of their own governments. It is reported that the European governments are considering the policy of expelling the Anarchists, the purpose being, apparently, to send beyond the boundaries all persons who profess Anarchistic sentiments. Aside from the obvious and necessary distinction which exists between opinions and deeds, and which must be taken into account in any attempt to deal by law with the opponents of the present social order, there is serious question as to the practicability of such a policy. If all the European countries agree upon a policy of expulsion, this country will be the only refuge of this class of Anarchists, and it is very doubtful whether this country will accept such a position.

❀

**The Dreyfus Case** The French Government has taken the first step toward recovering the confidence and respect which it has forfeited by its conduct of the Dreyfus case. At a Cabinet council held on Saturday last it was voted to submit the documentary evidence in the case to a commission, to be selected by the Minister of Justice, M. Sarrien, who are to report back to the Cabinet their opinion as to the revision of the entire case. This action of the Ministry was promptly followed by the resignation of the Minister of War, General Zurlinden, and also of the Minister of Public Works. If the committee report that the case ought to be reopened, there is apparently no doubt that the Government will at once proceed to that re-examination of the Dreyfus mystery which is essential to the re-establishment of confidence in its integrity and courage. It is interesting to note the progressive disturbance which this case has introduced into the inner ranks of the French official life. M. Cavaignac, the War Minister, who ordered the re-examination of the papers which brought out Colonel Henry's forgery, resigned; Colonel Henry committed suicide; General Gonse has been put on the retired list; Major Esterhazy, who is very likely the central villain in this mysterious drama, has disappeared, and is now reported to be living in disguise in London, and even to have confessed that the mass of the written evidence in the case was forged. The French Gov-



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ernment cannot further postpone a thorough re-examination of all the facts and testimony in this matter by the declaration that to make the testimony public would jeopardize the peace of Europe. Peace may be purchased at too great a price. France has already suffered immeasurably in loss of self-respect and moral power. It must be remembered, however, as The Outlook has constantly reiterated, that the French intelligence is bound in the end to get at the facts, and that for the past three years a group of noble and disinterested Frenchmen have contended against immense odds for justice and righteousness.

❀

**France in Africa** Just now the storm-center in Africa is at Fa hoda, on the White Nile, some distance south of the site of Khartoum. There is little doubt of the correctness of the reports wh ch state that Fashoda has been occupied by the French expedition under Major Marchand, accompanied by a few French soldiers and a large number of Abyssinians. Hardly had Omdurman been captured by General Kitchener when this news was brought to him from the south. Instantly he organized an expedition, including several machine guns, a troop or two of cavalry, and about 1,200 of the Soudanese soldiers. This force has been placed on steamers and sent up the Nile. What will happen when the British force meets the French expedition now at Fashoda is an interesting question. There is no doubt that General Kitchener will demand the right of hoisting the British and Egyptian flags there at once, and will make a claim to the region as Egyptian territory. The British commander has shown himself to be a man of judgment and sagacity as well as a fine soldier, and it is not probable that he will act precipitately, or bring on a clash of arms. But such an occurrence is within the limits of possibility, and, if it actually happens, it would put France and England into a position of direct hostility. If no such clash comes—and, as we have said, it seems improbable that it should—there is no reason to believe that France and England cannot settle the matter in dispute amicably. There is involved a somewhat fine point of territorial and international law. The real issue is whether or not Fashoda, and the country about it, belonged to the Equatorial Provinces, which were before the time of the Mahdi under the command of Emin Pasha, and were undoubtedly a part of Egyptian territory. If so, England, acting for Egypt (for Sir Herbert Kitchener is Sirdar, or Commander-in-Chief, of the Egyptian forces), has, beyond question, the right of possession in this district of the White Nile. If not, then the country might reasonably be considered open to occupation by the first comer, as other regions in Africa have been occupied; and in this view the French have now, of course, acquired a right by pre-emption. The argument for either theory is intricate, and the question is thus pre-eminently one for diplomacy or for arbitration. It is not impossible that if the French make a strong claim, and support it with strong arguments, Great Britain will be inclined to make some sort of a bargain with France. The territory in question is of much more importance to England than to France, because it forms part of the line of prospective advance between Cairo and the Cape, of which we hear so much of late.

❀

**In Crete** The situation in Crete remains critical. From the day when British soldiers were killed by a Turkish mob, it has been certain that Great Britain would inflict punishment, and would demand security for the keeping of the peace in the future. Admiral Noel has made two demands upon the Turkish Government; one for the handing over to him of the ringleaders of the mob, the other for the disarmament of the Bashi-Bazouks in Crete. Beyond this it is quite probable that, in view of the special injury to England and defiance of its military power, England will ask of the Powers that she be placed in control of Cretan affairs, at least for the present. To the first of Admiral Noel's demands the Military Governor of Crete has responded by giving up some forty men as the leading spirits in the recent attack; it is supposed, however, by those conversant with Turkish methods, that the persons given up are by no means those who have real influence with the Turkish population, or who are chiefly responsible for the riots. The second demand of Admiral Noel has caused the Turkish authorities, both in Candia and Constantinople, great perturbation. The Sultan has exerted every influence to arouse the jealousy of the other Powers, and thus to lead them to interfere in his behalf against Great Britain. The present indications are, however, that matters have changed very

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considerably since the former lamentable failure of the ludicrously named "Concert of the Powers" to accomplish anything in Crete. Germany is now on very different terms with Great Britain from those existing two years ago. There seems more than a probability that Great Britain will be given in charge of Crete, or at least have a free hand in Cretan affairs. That this would be for the benefit of the island, and for the preservation of peace generally, can hardly be disputed. If Great Britain should in time come to occupy Crete as a naval post, it would very greatly strengthen her position, by making another link in the chain of outposts which now includes Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus.

❀

**An Imperial Pilgrimage** The approaching visit of the Emperor of Germany to the Holy Land is assuming such magnitude in the way of preparation and escort that it is exciting very wide attention both in the East and in Europe. If the reports from Berlin are to be trusted, it is to be a veritable Protestant pilgrimage, in which the Emperor is to be accompanied not only by a great staff of officials, but by no less than two hundred pastors of the Lutheran Church. The journey will be made by way of Constantinople, and one of its best results will be the cleaning of that dirty city. The streets are assuming an aspect of neatness which would astonish the veteran traveler. They are being repaved; old, dilapidated structures are being torn down, and an elegant kiosk is being built for the special use of the Emperor on the grounds of the palace. At Jaffa a landing-place is being constructed, and the road to Jerusalem is being repaired. Everything is being done to make the journey easy and splendid; and the Sultan's good friend, to the training of whose military officers the Turkish army owed largely its efficiency in the war with Greece, will be received with all the magnificence and pomp which he loves so well. In this connection, and as throwing an amusing light on one aspect of the Emperor's character, it is reported that he has been photographed at least forty times in tropical costume; that his attendants, both military and menial, are to be clothed in entirely new costumes devised for the occasion; the latter wearing "cocoa-fiber linen liveries with English caps. They will be girt with belts of pale-green leather, from which will hang a revolver and a drinking-flask." These accouterments do not seem to harmonize with the general purposes of the pilgrimage as explained to the world.

❀

**The Ulterior Purpose** The London "Spectator" is of the opinion that the pilgrimage has something more than a purely religious aspect, and that it is part of an astute plan which will rapidly develop, and which will, in the near future, transfer general interest from the Far East to Asia Minor and Palestine; for, according to this journal, the Emperor has fixed his mind on Asia Minor as the proper ground for the expansion of German rule. The district between the Tigris and the Euphrates, and Syria, are possessions which the Emperor covets, not only for German rule, but for German trade. It is noted that German commercial activity in Asia Minor is already very great and is rapidly growing; that German banking is represented in the section; that a German company is building a railroad which will ultimately connect Bagdad with the Mediterranean; and that a large number of colonists have settled in Syria. It is also remembered that Germany has become in a special sense the friend and protector of the Sultan; that German influence is all-powerful at Constantinople; that German officers command the Turkish army, and German manufacturers supply that army with cannon, rifles, and ammunition. The energy of the Lutheran propaganda in Syria is also called to mind, and the fact that a great German-Arabic-Lutheran colony has been established in the mountains, and has been the special care of German rulers for many years past. This interpretation of the Emperor's visit may be a mere surmise; on the other hand, it may indicate a definite policy on the part of that ambitious and able ruler.

❀

**Free Thought in China** The most significant news which has lately come from China is not the report of further advances of the Great Powers, or of diplomatic discussions, but of the opening of the National University at Pekin. The Emperor of China has, by imperial decree, sanctioned the opening of such an institution, and has also provided for the establishment of schools in the provincial capitals of the Empire, while other schools (which are technically called

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"Third Class"), are to be opened in the department and district cities. Under this scheme there will be something approaching co-ordination of education in China; for graduates of the schools of the Third Class may pass through the intermediate colleges in the provincial capitals and thence go on to the University at Pekin. The curriculum which is now followed in the Japanese University is likely to be adopted by its sister institution. This is one of the most significant evidences of the awakening of the Chinese Empire which has yet been reported, and it is one of the first results of that action of the Western upon the Eastern mind which was commented upon at length in these columns last week. It is also to be noted in this connection, as indicative of the same policy, that the Emperor, by a proclamation published in an official organ, has practically guaranteed the freedom of the press by declaring that the publication of articles which are displeasing to him shall not subject the journals in which they appear to the usual penalties. Important articles in the leading papers, he declares, are hereafter to pass under his eye for the purpose of informing him more thoroughly in regard to the affairs of the world, as well as of the Chinese Empire.

❀

**Mining Concessions** Close upon this notable action of the Emperor comes the news of an important concession granted by the Chinese Government to a foreign syndicate. An agreement has been made under the imperial authority which cedes to the Pekin Syndicate, Limited, of London, the exclusive right to open and work the coal and iron deposits of upper and lower Shansi and the petroleum deposits of the province, with the further right to construct and operate all railways necessary to carry both minerals and petroleum to the main trunk lines and navigable waters. These rights are to continue for sixty years. Each mine is to be under the management of one foreigner and one Chinaman, who shall have power to arrange disputes with natives. All the accounts are to be kept by foreign methods, but are to be audited annually by a Chinaman. The Chinese Government is to receive a five per cent. producers' tax on the actual cost of mining iron and coal and of securing other material. The Syndicate is to receive six per cent. interest on its capital; ten per cent. is to be set aside as a sinking fund; and of the remaining net profit twenty-five per cent. is to go to the Chinese Government and seventy-five per cent. to the Syndicate. At the expiration of the term of the contract, all the property of the Syndicate of every kind shall revert without cost to the Chinese Government. This great scheme involves the establishment, under the direction of the Syndicate, of a School of Civil Engineering and Mining. The Imperial Government has reserved about $1,200,000 worth of shares, for which it pays in cash the par value, and the Chinese may buy shares in the company. When, in any mine, seventy-five per cent. of the shares are owned by the Chinese, the latter may redeem the remainder from the Syndicate and operate the mine on their own account. In the event of war, the Syndicate is to obey the orders of the Chinese Government. This colossal enterprise is to be managed by a few men of great capital who will make up the Syndicate, and who have been at work for over two years in securing concessions. The Syndicate starts with a capital of $30,000,000.

❀

**Peace Negotiations** The American members of the Peace Commission sailed from New York last Saturday morning, accompanied by their secretaries, interpreters, and other assistants. Naturally, nothing could be said by any of them about the instructions given to them by the President. It is surmised by the press generally that our members of the Peace Commission will absolutely insist upon the United States holding permanently the island of Luzon, and that some agreement will be equally insisted upon by which the United States may at least exercise such partial control over the other islands of the Philippine group as would make our relations both peaceable and practical with the natives of those islands, and with any of the Great Powers which may hereafter have an interest in those islands. The Spanish members of the Commission have been appointed; they are, Señor Montero Rios, President of the Senate; Señor Aberzuza; Señor Villarrutia, the Spanish Minister to Belgium; General Cerero, and Señor Garnica. The Spanish Government has had considerable difficulty in finding men of weight to serve on this Commission; most of the names of the men appointed are unknown in this country. President McKinley is having almost equal difficulty in filling out

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the commission to investigate the army scandals; since our last report, Mr. E. P. Howell, of Atlanta, has accepted the appointment, but General Schofield has positively declined to serve; it is believed that the President will maintain his purpose of having the full number of nine commissioners; we believe only six have so far accepted. The Military Commission in Cuba has apparently made no progress. The Spanish members are evidently waiting for instructions from Spain; the only important concession so far has been that for the immediate occupation by the American Commission of the ports of Bahia Honda and Jucaro, for the purpose of allowing the importation of food to be landed at once and without duty; the Spanish authorities, it is to be hoped, have become ashamed of their insistence upon placing exorbitant duty-charges on cargoes of food sent by this country for the relief of the suffering in Cuba.

❀

**Cuba, Porto Rico, and Manila** From Porto Rico the Military Commission reports that the Spanish war-ships have left the island, and that preparations are going on rapidly for its evacuation by Spanish troops. President Masso, of the Cuban Republic, so called, has issued a proclamation which is generally excellent in spirit, though somewhat effusive in wording. It expresses the gratitude of the Cuban insurgents for American aid, both before war was declared between Spain and the United States, and afterwards. It urges patience in waiting for the working out of the problem of Cuba's future, and indicates unmistakably that, in President Masso's opinion, that future should be one of independence. The Cuban insurgent soldiers are appealing strongly for some guidance as to what they shall do if they leave the ranks; they say that they cannot obtain pay for their past services, and that no opportunities for work are offered them on account of the peculiar industrial conditions of the island just now. No doubt this is a problem which will require attention, but it is only one of many. From the Philippine Islands comes the news that the insurgent leader, Aguinaldo, has presided at a congress, and that he has made an appeal to the members to prepare a constitution that would secure "the complete and permanent liberty of the Filipinos." While this somewhat irregular assembly discussed a constitution and the election of a president, we find that it took no positive action, and the dispatches are probably correct in stating that the only present unanimity among the insurgents is in the determination to be free forever from Spanish rule. A cable dispatch from General Otis, who is now in command of our forces at Manila, is particularly encouraging, as it states that no further force is required, and that the better portion of the insurgent leaders seem to be amenable to reason. Five regiments have, however, been ordered to Manila from San Francisco, and will sail before long.

❀

**The Spanish Cortes** After a brief session, not without the excitement of bitter attacks on the Ministry, the dynasty, and the army management, but singularly devoid of any exhibition of deep feeling, the Spanish Cortes has been suspended until November, when it is to be reconvoked to ratify the treaty of peace. The discussion on the bill sanctioning the signing of the peace protocol by the Spanish Government, adopted by a vote of 171 to 43, was remarkably free from any expression of bitterness toward this country, or, for that matter, from any expression of national humiliation at the recent defeats. The Deputies seemed to accept the situation, and vented their wrath upon those whom they held responsible for it. The Prime Minister, Sagasta, was, of course, the object of the fiercest invective. His defense was singularly frank and candid. He declared that neither he nor the leader of the Conservatives had been in power long enough to change the character of the Spanish race, and that it was that character which must be held responsible for the country's calamities. His own words in this connection are worth quoting, because they indicate that the more dispassionate and open-minded Spaniards really understand the situation:

> We, an anæmic nation, were attacked at a time when we were acting as honest men would have acted, and we defended ourselves. I have sacrificed my prestige, but I have done so because I believe that the path I am following is the best.

The Cortes showed no special regret, either, over the prospective loss of all the Spanish colonies. It has authorized the alienation of Spanish territory, as provided by the protocol, and has put itself in the position of acquiescing in any relinquishment of territory to which its Commissioners may agree.

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**The Pension Bill for 1898**

Year by year the burden of the pension system grows greater upon the taxpayer—burden, not because any amount is too large to pay out for the support of those who are fairly and reasonably entitled to pensions, but because of the accumulating evidence that the pension laws are loosely constructed; that they not only permit but encourage the granting of pensions to those who are not fairly entitled to them; while there is reason to fear that there is no small proportion of fraud in the pension applications themselves. These conclusions are borne out by the annual report of Mr. Evans, the Commissioner of Pensions, lately published. The report shows both that the pension roll has materially increased in numbers in this the thirty-third year after the close of the war, and that it is also increasing in the total amount paid out. About $142,000,000 was paid out for pensions last year. Commissioner Evans believes that the increase will still continue from the Civil War pensions alone, leaving out of account the war just closed. He bases his conclusion upon the fact that there are estimated to be 200,000 living soldiers of the Civil War who have not applied for pensions, whose disabilities will increase as the years go on, and will lead them to apply under the Act of 1890. It is interesting to know that there are still surviving five widows and seven daughters of soldiers of the American Revolution who are receiving pensions, and that during the last year pensions were granted to forty-six survivors and five hundred and two widows of the Mexican War, and to several widows of the War of 1812. About three hundred and fifty claims for pensions made by soldiers in the war with Spain have been filed at the Pension Office. Commissioner Evans points out two or three radical defects in the law and practice. One of them relates to the work of the boards of medical examiners. These examiners are paid a small fee, usually have no special knowledge of the pension laws, and their reports vary greatly in almost precisely similar cases. Indeed, one test case is quoted where the identical pensioner was examined by four medical boards; each board rendered a unanimous report, and the four reports were as far apart in their findings of facts as could be possibly imagined, no two being alike. Some reform in this direction of examination is clearly necessary. Another circumstance pointed out by Commissioner Evans is the large number of pensions claimed by soldiers' widows, where the soldier himself has made no claim during his life, and the widow has made no claim until after her remarriage. In some of these cases twenty years have elapsed after the death of the soldier before any claim is made. It is a patent absurdity that the law should admit of such claims, but under the law there is no defense against them. The question of fraudulent certificates and affidavits is not raised in the summary of the report we have seen. It is a question as difficult as it is important.

❀

**The Reply to Turkey**

Two or three weeks ago we outlined the reply of the Turkish Government to the claim of the United States for damages on account of injury to the property of American citizens during the Armenian massacres. That reply was a distinct though courteously worded refusal, and a similar reply was made by the Porte to other nations presenting similar claims. It is now announced that both the United States and the other Powers concerned have replied to the Porte that no such position as that taken in the reply can be admitted for a minute. In the case of the injuries to American citizens and also those to French citizens (and perhaps to persons of other nationalities), there is ample evidence that the Turkish soldiers and police not only made no attempt to prevent or stop the mob, but that they directly encouraged these outrages. The claim of the United States against Turkey, therefore, still stands, and it is assumed that the time will come when it will be enforced. The Outlook has always persistently and earnestly urged that our Government should take a strong position in this matter. It is perhaps wise not to press the matter too radically at the present moment, when other questions of more importance are engaging the attention of the Government, but it should be understood that delay does not mean abandonment of the claims.

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**Weather Prophecies in the Lesser Antilles**

One of the first practical results of the introduction of American organization and methods in the West Indies was shown in connection with the terrific hurricane which swept the Lesser Antilles on Sunday of last week, destroying the capital

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of St. Vincent, causing many landslides and much destruction of property in St. Lucia—the largest and most picturesque of the Windward Islands—killing probably five hundred persons, and demolishing the homes of sixty thousand people; to say nothing of the destruction of churches and business buildings and the wrecking of ships. Early on Saturday the observers in the service of the Weather Bureau on the islands of Martinique and Trinidad saw indications of a disturbance at the southeast. At noon special observation noted an ominous fall of the barometer at Barbadoes, and, in connection with reports from other quarters, satisfied the forecasting officer that a hurricane was rapidly developing, though no definite signs of its approach had yet appeared. Hurricane warnings were on the instant sent to all the ports in the islands of Barbadoes, Martinique, St. Kitts, and St. Thomas, and the warnings were promptly acted upon. Messages were also sent to Colon, Curaçao, St. Domingo, Trinidad, and Santiago, and to Admiral Watson's fleet, which was lying in the harbor of Caimere, Cuba. Thus twenty-four hours' notice was given in all the leading ports of the approach of this tropical cyclone, and although the visitation of such a storm brought inevitable damage in its train, the service rendered by the Weather Bureau undoubtedly effected a saving of property which would cover the expense of sustaining the Bureau for many years to come. Twenty-four hours before the fury of the storm broke on the Lesser Antilles its approach was known in Washington.

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**Judge Cooley** The country loses one of the greatest legal authorities it has ever produced by the death of Professor Thomas McIntyre Cooley, at his home in Ann Arbor last week. Professor Cooley had been ill for some time, and his death was not unexpected. Born at Attica in this State in 1824, he became a student of law in an adjoining town, and was admitted to the bar in Adrian, Michigan, in 1846. Eleven years later he compiled the General Statutes of Michigan, and the following year was appointed reporter of the Supreme Court. In 1859 he became a Professor of Law in the University of Michigan, and in 1864 a Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan, a position which he held for twenty-one years, having held the place of Chief Justice during the closing period of his service on the bench. On the establishment of the School of Political Science at the University of Michigan he was appointed Professor of Constitutional and Administrative Law. He subsequently also held the place of Professor of American History and Lecturer on Constitutional Law. He was the author of a number of law treatises and the editor of new editions of Blackstone's Commentaries and other standard law works. For many years he was probably the first authority in the country on all questions of constitutional construction. His most valuable contributions to legal literature are his works on Constitutional Limitations and on Constitutional Law. These are works which show his large, lucid, and thoroughly trained mind at its best. He was notable for his accuracy, his clearness, his judicial quality, and his indomitable industry. No judicial position in the country would have been too great for him. He enjoyed in a rare degree the confidence and admiration of his own profession. He has for many years been one of the great figures of the University of Michigan—an institution which has never lacked the stimulus of the presence of great teachers.

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**The New York Schools** The opening of the public schools of New York is of more than usual interest this year because it is the first since the consolidation and the reorganization of the several Boards of Education within the larger city. The number of children crowded out from the schools is smaller than usual. The earnest and efficient work of the Board of Education appointed during the last administration in the then New York has produced striking results, when those results and the time in which they have been accomplished are compared. In the Borough of Manhattan it has built some of the finest school buildings in the country. High schools have been opened, kindergartens with a special supervisor established. Since the election of Dr. Maxwell, and at his suggestion and under his direction, a teachers' training-school has been established. The standards of education have been raised, and, as a natural sequence, the salaries of the teachers. In the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx less than four thousand children will be kept out of school because of lack of accommodation. In Brooklyn the numbers

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excluded are about two thousand; last year eleven thousand were excluded. In Richmond there is ample accommodation. In Queens there is ample accommodation, except in Long Island City. Queens County built several school-houses before the consolidation.

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**Short-Time Classes** The short-time classes established by Dr. Maxwell while Superintendent of the schools of Brooklyn greatly relieved the pressure on the schools and accommodated hundreds of children who otherwise would have been without opportunities for education. Twenty-two thousand are in the short-time classes this year. The Board of Education of Manhattan and the Bronx approved last week the establishment of the short-time classes in these Boroughs. These classes are in no sense half-day sessions. The short-time class is a regularly organized class with its own teacher, having a session of four hours. The morning class holds its session from 8:30 to 12:30, the afternoon class from one to five. Only children of the lower primary grades are in these classes. At the close of the year it was found in Brooklyn that the children in these short-time classes made as good progress as those in the classes holding two sessions of three and two hours each—the recognized school day. The failure of the Board of Education of New York to confirm the names of the two examiners nominated by Dr. Maxwell is unfortunate at the present time, when teachers are so greatly needed. The examiners are in the competitive class, and must be examined by civil service examiners. Dr. Maxwell asked for four experts—one in language, one in history, one in science, and one in mathematics. The civil service examiners failed to certify to the names of the experts in mathematics and science, presenting for nomination two who had taken the examinations in history and language, and passed below the certified names. Dr. Maxwell refused to nominate these two, and presented to the Board the names only of the experts in language and history. The Board deferred confirmation until the four names for the Board of Examiners for Teachers were presented to it.

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**The Canadian Commission** After a brief recess the Canadian and United States Commissioners resumed their sessions at Quebec on Tuesday of this week. It is expected that the first question to be taken up will be that regarding the fisheries in the Great Lakes, and that the question of reciprocity in agricultural and mining products will next be considered. Several representatives of these interests in the United States will present arguments against lowering the duties on Canadian barley and other products.

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# Dr. John Hall

The death of the Rev. Dr. John Hall at the home of his sister in Ireland was not unexpected by those who were well informed regarding the state of his health, but it will be none the less a great shock to a congregation devotedly attached to him, and to a wide circle of those who have admired him throughout the country. Born in County Armagh in 1825, of ancestors who came from Scotland and settled in Ireland in the early part of the seventeenth century, Dr. Hall inherited a sturdy Protestantism deeply tinged with Calvinistic doctrine. He began his training for the ministry in Belfast College, and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Belfast in 1849, serving for three years as a home missionary in the west of Ireland, and then accepting the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church in Armagh. After three years' service Dr. Hall accepted a call to Dublin, where, during a pastorate of nine years, he not only made a distinct impression as a religious teacher, but showed a pronounced interest in popular education. In 1867 he came to this country as a delegate from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and it was due to his visit here that he subsequently received a call to become the pastor of the church which he served with tireless energy for more than thirty years.

Dr. Hall's acceptance of the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church was at once felt in the quickened energies and the enlarged activities of that body. In 1874 it moved into the new edifice on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, and the great house was at once filled with an eager congregation, the energy of the church finding its outlet through a number of missions and charities. It was as a preacher, however, that Dr. Hall's influence was most directly and widely exerted. He was not a great orator, and the intellectual quality of his sermons was in no way striking; but his sincerity, the real religiousness of

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his nature, and his faculty of identifying himself with his listeners and of presenting a few Scriptural truths with fervor, simplicity, and urgency, gave him a singular hold upon a great congregation. He was a man of great spiritual vigor, and this vigor, combined with his practical sagacity and his devotion to his work, made him an influential figure in the religious life of the country. Those who, like The Outlook, criticised much of Dr. Hall's theology, were quick to recognize the fact that he held that theology with entire sincerity, and that it was to him the expression of a deep spiritual reality. The action of the Session of the church in providing, a year ago, for Dr. Hall's retirement under the most generous conditions, which was unhappily thwarted by the lack of judgment of some of his friends, is now shown to have been most kindly and intelligently conceived. The city will lose one of its inspiring and health-giving influences in losing him as a spiritual counselor.

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# New Times, New Methods

A great experience like that through which this country has passed during the past few months cannot leave people as they were; they must be either better or worse; and the coming months will bring into clear light either a perceptible advance of the Nation in moral power, or a perceptible retrogression. We have gone through deep waters of anxiety, uncertainty, danger, and sorrow. Have we gained or lost in that force of character which is the only source of national authority and influence? This question will be definitely answered in the near future. We have learned, if we have taken the lessons of the past months to heart, that a government is efficient and powerful only where and when it sets its best men to do its work without regard to political considerations; that the departments of government must be cut loose from "practical" politics; that the army, if it is to be made what it ought to be, must be kept as free from political interference as the navy, the coast survey, and the weather bureau; that efficient administration involves the services of trained men. We have had, on a great scale, a demonstration of the absolute necessity of a sound system of appointment and selection of men in every field of government work. The appointment of army officers for personal or political reasons is a flagrant violation of every American instinct; for the American instinct, wherever it has play, is always on the side of competent, forceful, and effective action. In private business no other policy is tolerated; for every other policy ends in disastrous failure. The business of government is far more complex, difficult, and important than any private business, and to commit public affairs to men whom we would not permit to conduct private enterprises is a folly of which the American people cannot longer be guilty.

Moreover, we have assumed new responsibilities of vast magnitude, and pledged ourselves to the discharge of duties which require wide knowledge and high character and involve large responsibilities. We have entered into closer relations with the world than we have ever held before; and, whatever form those relations may ultimately assume, they are certain to be permament, and they will inevitably become more intimate and complex. We need the highest quality of mind and of character in the men who are to determine these relations and to keep them sound, safe, and harmonious. The necessity of wise, far-seeing, and courageous leadership is as great as it was when Washington or Lincoln came to the front.

We have never lacked men of moral and intellectual capacity in our public life, but it cannot be denied that since the Civil War our political management has often been provincial in its methods, when it has not been corrupt in its aims. The rule of political machines and of irresponsible managers has been far below the level of our action in other departments of life. It has come to pass, as a result of this failure to apply the highest intelligence to public life, that the country has suffered serious impairment of its standards of public action and efficiency, serious loss of moral power, and serious discredit in the opinion of the world. The widespread belief that the government of the country is too largely in the hands of machine politicians; that the rule of the people, by the people, for the people, has been practically nullified in many States, and that the connection between political machines and great money interests has been too intimate either for honor or honesty, led to a revolt at the last Presidential election which came near being a revolution. For it cannot be doubted that an immense vote was cast for the Democratic candidate which was controlled, not by convictions on the currency

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question, but by a deep feeling of resentment against the rule of rings, managers, and corrupt combinations.

If we are to maintain with dignity and power the new position of responsibility into which we have been forced by events, we must make a radical reformation of our political methods. To bend our new opportunities to the service of machine politicians would be not only to fall below the level of our duty, but to blight the hopes of mankind. We have already sensibly diminished those hopes; for the report of our rings and our "bosses" has gone to the ends of the earth, and has brought discouragement to those who have been working for free government abroad. To make such political managers as Messrs. Croker, Platt, and Quay international figures and clothe them with world-wide influence would be a sin against humanity. And yet this is precisely what will happen unless the people of the United States resume the functions which, in so many cases, they have abdicated, and take the management of affairs into their own hands once more.

The approach of the fall elections recalls attention from Cuba and Manila to near duties and to immediate needs. The men in the field during the past few months have immensely advanced the reputation of the country by their self-sacrificing courage and their signal efficiency. The men who have stayed at home have now the opportunity of showing whether American courage, intelligence, and leadership are to be found only in the American army and navy; whether we are to lose by moral indifference and individual selfishness what has been gained at so great a cost. We can afford to have the widest difference of opinion on questions of political policy; we cannot afford to have any difference of opinion concerning the need of the truest and purest methods of political management, and of the presence of the ablest and most disinterested men at the head of affairs. The popular demand for the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt as Republican candidate for Governor in this State, although not uninfluenced by his war record, is an expression of the general weariness of the methods which have discredited the great cause of popular government and of the men who have prostituted noble instrumentalities to mean and selfish ends. If clean, able, independent men are elected in November, there will be good ground for the hope that the great duties which have devolved on the Nation will be faithfully performed, and that the deepened regard of the world will be justified and confirmed. The great parties must purge themselves of bad methods and bad leaders if they are to deal successfully with the problems which confront the Nation.

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# Dark Days and Stormy Weather

There are a great many days at sea in which it is impossible by observation to determine the position of the ship on the great circle along which she is traveling—days of cloud and fog or of wind and storm. Sometimes entire voyages are made without a glimpse of the sun. The sky, to which the sailor looks for guidance, is blotted out, and he sails by dead reckoning. The charts are useless unless the position of the ship can be determined; they are like books written in an untranslatable language unless the sky interprets them. The sea without the sky would be a trackless waste; the sea arched by the sky is a glorious highway from continent to continent.

In like manner, the life of man is a pathless waste without the light of heaven. If the great dome of blue, with its innumerable fires, were quenched in darkness, the earth would become on the instant uninhabitable—a black and icy ball in a night without stars or the hope of dawn. The curtain of eternal night would drop on the tragedy of an unlighted and unwarmed world. As the earth depends for its life moment by moment on the light and heat of the sun, so does the soul of man depend on the love and guidance of God. In every generation there are earnest men and women who strive to live an unlighted and unsunned life—try in all sincerity and often with a noble rectitude. But society could not live such a life for a single decade without despair and the desire to destroy itself. The chill of elemental night would paralyze the motivity and blight the joy of the race. Those who are striving to live without this light are nevertheless warmed and guided by it; even while they deny its existence, they live in an atmosphere suffused with it, on a soil warmed and made fruitful by it, in a society which has been, in its nobler ideals, formed by it. As the sky has passed into

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the earth in a thousand fruitful years, enriched the soil and covered it with verdure, so the life of God has passed into the life of man and shaped it to high uses and fertilized it with the germs of spiritual vitality and power.

There are days, however, in the experience of every man when no sun shines and no light falls upon his path; the heavens are wrapped in cloud, and the earth seems to be pursuing a solitary course through a wide and unsunned waste. There are days when one lives by blind faith; when sight fails for lack of light, and a thick darkness wraps one about as in a starless night. Sometimes there come long periods of depression, when the spirit is driven back to the very sources of its faith, and holds on its course in sheer persistency of resolution. These are the times when a man must sail by dead reckoning, for there are no great lights to guide and reassure him. There may be some natures so buoyant that for them the light of heaven is never veiled and the great truths never obscured, but to the vast majority of the most loyal and courageous there are appointed days and months when faith does not fail nor fidelity slacken nor work cease, but when there is no clear shining, no cloudless vision. The clouds that gather about the spirit rise out of a man's life as the clouds which cover the sky rise from the earth; but they are as dense and desolating for the time as if they were not mere masses of fog and mist upon which one could look down if he were at a great height. They often have their origin in physical conditions, but while they last they seem to be part of the permanent order of things.

In such times one must learn to live without the aid of vision or the wide, clear outlook; one must learn to go on his course as resolutely and courageously as if all the stars were shining upon him. When one has seen a great view from the summit of a mountain, he does not question the existence of the landscape because, after he has descended into the valley, he no longer sees it. However circumscribed the world may be which folds him in, he knows that he has only to climb the mountain to see a greater world. That world does not change; it is his position which changes. In like manner, when a man has seen a great truth or passed through a great experience, he has had a final and conclusive demonstration; he does not need, and he ought not to ask for, daily confirmations. If the beautiful vision passes and the great reconciling outlook vanishes, let him seek for the fading of the light and the passing of the splendor in his own conditions; but let him doubt neither the light nor the splendor. It is appointed to all men to suffer the reaction of great experiences; for a man's spirit in its present estate cannot bear the strain of continued exaltation. It is significant that the saints and prophets have often met their greatest temptations while the glow of great disclosures of truth or character was still about them. A man is never in greater danger than when he returns abruptly to earth from the gate of heaven. The change is so immense that the spirit often faints under it.

It must be remembered, moreover, that the most important work of life is not the discovery of truth, but the absorption of truth into one's nature and its permanent expression in character. One often learns more in one hour of vision than he can make his own in a year of living. The mountain summits are not our homes; they are too much exposed, and the air about them is too rare; they are for our occasional ascent; they show us the distant point to which we are traveling, but the path we are to take runs through the valleys or along the lower slopes. The summits give us outlooks, but the valleys shelter and feed us. The possession of great truths is not a matter of searching, but of living; and the long, dull days which often intervene between our visions are rich in the quiet assimilation of what we have seen and in quiet preparation for what we are to see. The greater part of the growth of some plants is accomplished before the blade sees the light.

The man who attains clear self-knowledge comes to recognize his periods of depression and to treat them as if they were incidental and abnormal. Such a man cannot always escape the cloud, but he learns to distrust his judgment while it enfolds him. He knows that he is seeing surrounding objects through a distorting medium. He refuses to decide important questions while his view is obscured, and he waits for clear light before acting. When there is no shining of the sun, the ship sails as fast and as definitely on her course as if skies were blue over her. Conditions are not ours to arrange; neither is it our duty to conform to them. We are

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responsible for holding by the truth we know, without regard to our feelings; we are bound to make our port without regard to weather. In all seasons and moods we are to do our work with unflinching courage; we are to be loyal to the highest truth though our hearts are lead within us; we are to inspire and lead though we cannot see the way for the darkness. A man often does his noblest work in the deepest depression; he often speaks the greatest word which is given him out of the depths of something very like to despair. It is our part to sail courageously and unhesitatingly on in the blackest night or the dreariest day. The same power that made the sea made the weather.

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## Concentration

When a man has discovered the conditions which are necessary to his most complete development, he will, if he is wise and strong, resolutely preserve those conditions from all disturbing influences and claims. He will not hesitate to disappoint the early and eager expectation of his friends by devoting himself to practice while they are clamorous for work; he will take twenty years for preparation, if necessary, and cheerfully accept indifference and the pangs of being forgotten, if at the end of that time he can do a higher work in a better way. He who takes a long range must expect that his target will be invisible to those who happen to be taking note of him; he will need, therefore, to have a very clear perception of the end he is pursuing, and great persistence in its pursuit.

The alertness and facility of the American temperament are very engaging and useful qualities, but they involve serious perils for those who are bent upon doing the best thing in the best way. The man who can turn his hand readily to many things is likely to do many things well, but to do nothing with commanding force and skill. One may have a fund of energy which needs more than one field to give it adequate play; but he who hopes to achieve genuine distinction in any kind of production must give some particular work the first place in his interest and activity, and must pour his whole soul into the doing of that work. A man may enjoy many diversions by the way, but he must never forget the end of his journey. If he is wise, he will not haste; he will not miss the sights and sounds and pleasures which give variety to travel and bring rest to the traveler; but he will hold all these things subordinate to the accomplishment of his journey. He will rest for the sake of the strength it will give him; he will turn aside for the enjoyment of the view; he will linger in secret and silent places to take counsel with his own thoughts; but the staff and wallet will never be laid aside.

There are no men so interesting as those who are quietly and steadfastly following some distant aim which is invisible to others. One recognizes them because they seem to be moving silently but surely onward. Skill, insight, and power steadily flow to them; and, apparently without effort, they climb step by step the steep acclivity where influence and fame abide. They are supremely interesting because, through absorption in their work, they are largely free from self-consciousness, and because they bring with them the air and stir of growth and movement. They rarely obtrude their interests or pursuits upon others, but they give the impression of a definiteness of aim which cannot be obscured or blurred, and a concentration of energy which steadily reacts in increase of power. They are not only the heroic workers of the world, but they also set in motion the deeper currents of thought and action; into the atmosphere of a sluggish age they infuse freshness and vitality; they do not drift with majorities, they determine their own courses, and sweep others into the wide circles of influence which issue from them. They are the leaders, organizers, energizing spirits of society; they do not copy, but create; they do not accept, but form, conditions; they mold life to their purpose, and stamp themselves on materials.

To the making of genuine careers concentration is quite as essential as energy; to achieve the highest success, a man must not only be willing to pour out his vitality without stint or measure, but he must also be willing to give himself. For concentration is, at bottom, entire surrender of one's life to some definite end. In order to focus all one's powers at a single point, there must be abandonment of a wide field of interest and pleasure. One would like to do many things and take into himself many kinds of knowledge, many forms of influence; but if one is to master an art, a craft, or a profession, one must be willing to leave many paths untrod, to build many walls and to lock many doors. When the boy has learned his lessons, he

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may roam the fields and float on the river at his own sweet will; but so long as he is at the desk, he must be deaf to the invitation of sky and woods. When a man has mastered his work, he may safely roam the world; but while he is an apprentice, let him be deaf and blind to all things that interrupt or divert or dissipate the energies.

Mr. Gladstone's astonishing range of interests and occupations was made possible by his power of concentration. He gave himself completely to the work in hand; all his knowledge, energy, and ability were focused on that work, so that his whole personality was brought to a point of intense light and heat, as the rays of the sun are brought to a point in a burning-glass. When the power of concentration reaches this stage of development, it liberates a man from dependence upon times, places, and conditions; it makes privacy possible in crowds, and silence accessible in tumults of sound; it withdraws a man so completely from his surroundings that he secures complete isolation as readily as if the magic carpet of the "Arabian Nights" were under him to bear him on the instant into the solitude of lonely deserts or inaccessible mountains. More than this, it enables a man to work with the utmost rapidity, to complete his task in the shortest space of time, and to secure for himself, therefore, the widest margin of time for his own pleasure and recreation.

The marked differences of working power among men are due chiefly to differences in the power of concentration. A retentive and accurate memory is conditioned upon close attention. If one gives entire attention to what is passing before him, he is not likely to forget it or to confuse persons or incidents. The book which one reads with eyes which are continually lifted from the page may furnish entertainment for the moment, but cannot enrich the reader, because it cannot become part of his knowledge. Attention is the simplest form of concentration, and its value illustrates the supreme importance of that focusing of all the powers upon the thing in hand which may be called the sustained attention of the whole nature.

Here, as everywhere in the field of man's life, there enters that element of sacrifice without which no real achievement is possible. To secure a great end one must be willing to pay a great price. The exact adjustment of achievement to sacrifice makes us aware, at every step, of the invisible spiritual order with which all men are in contact in every kind of endeavor. If the highest skill could be secured without long and painful effort, it would be wasted through ignorance of its value, or misused through lack of education; but a man rarely attains great skill without undergoing a discipline of self-denial and work which gives him steadiness, restraint, and a certain kind of character. The giving up of pleasures which are wholesome, the turning aside from fields which are inviting, the steady refusal of invitations and claims which one would be glad to accept or recognize, invest the power of concentration with moral quality, and throw a searching light on the nature of all genuine success. To do one thing well, a man must be willing to hold all other interests and activities subordinate; to attain the largest freedom, a man must first bear the cross of self-denial.

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# The Spectator

The Spectator, being of Quaker descent, was opposed to the war. * His principles were so near breaking—the cracks were apparent to his friends—that he often trembled for them. A man's inherited principles need watching always; the root is in another's conscience. The habit of years was followed, and the Spectator made his usual stay at mountain and seashore. This brought him to Portsmouth, N. H., at his usual time. Instead of finding the dear old town in its usual quiet condition, with the tide of travel north and south hurrying through it, he found that the current was deflected, so to speak, toward Seavey's Island, then in the possession of the Spanish prisoners. Anything more unwarlike than this island can hardly be conceived. The ground rising gently to the center, with a pine wood on one side, trees here and there scattered in small groups all over the island, the blue waters of the harbor, the long stretch of land beyond jutting far out into the harbor, excursion boats with flags flying sailing up close to the island, soldierly figures passing leisurely to and fro—all added constantly to the holiday effect presented seven days in the week in the surroundings of the Spanish prisoners.

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Prisoners! Could it be possible that those men, laughing, chatting, lounging, greatly interested by the people they interested, were prisoners! It seemed incredible. A high

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board fence, with a barbed-wire fence five feet outside of it, surrounded three sides of the stockade which limited the movements of the swarthy prisoners. Eleven long buildings of pine boards with tarred-paper roofs sheltered the sixteen hundred and more Spaniards. Far down on the slope stood the shed that formed their dining-hall. Several tables supporting boilers from which steam was escaping stood between the houses and the shelter under which were the rough board tables and benches.

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A bugle-call sounded, and echoed and re-echoed over the distant hills. It was the call to dinner. A group of United States naval officers stood on a rise of ground in the center of the space commanding a complete view of the whole interior of the stockade. In double file the prisoners appeared, each man carrying a plate, and a cup holding about a quart. At the word of command they fell into line, passing each side of the tables on which was the food. Each man received two thick slices of bread, and, passing further along, his cup on this day—Friday—was filled with fish chowder. There was no stint as to quantity; plate as well as cup was filled if the man so desired.

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The moment the Spectator wrote that word "man," he realized that he was giving a false impression. All were not men. Here and there were boys surely not more than fourteen, and many of them. There are mothers in Spain! The expression on every face was that of content: the expression one would find on the faces of many men for whom the glories of the picnic had faded; they did their part because there was nothing else to do. All active enjoyment having ended, they were looking outward for their pleasures, and were easily pleased.

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The Spectator found that the religious interests of the prisoners were cared for by their own priests. Two were captured with the prisoners, and accompanied them north. The empty cups carried by some of the men who came from the table were explained as cases of penance. Back they file to the house, crowding the windows commanding a view of the knoll on which the visitors stand. The Spectator jumped when he found leveled at him, through one of these windows, an opera-glass. The sentinels march back and forth on the platform commanding the stockade—one almost wonders why, when he looks on this quiet scene, with groups of laughing men gazing out at the crowds. The Spectator leaves the stockade, walking slowly up the hill. Suddenly he stops. Three hundred white tents in rows stretch down to the edge of the pine woods. Men in uniform are standing about. Here and there a man is lying on the grass reading. The open tents show many men writing. They are chaffing, joking each other, carrying on a running fire of talk with any who will talk, dropping into the proper position constantly for the procession of amateur photographers, who seem more completely in possession of the camp than the soldiers. These are the heroes of Guantanamo. The Spectator removes his hat. The Spectator knows why Spain was defeated. The tents are bathed in a golden light as the Spectator turns at the bend of the road to look behind him. War! What an antithesis!

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Two miles away is a village of fisher-folk. Houses are crowded on to the road, with flower-gardens throwing their blossoms into its very dust. Not a sound but of peace. Here a gate-latch clicks, and an old man, whose bent shoulders tell the story of years at the oar and the trolling-line, passes down the road. The Spectator finds himself, all unexpectedly, on the sea-wall. A lighthouse on his left, with a shell road leading to it, draws him onward. Now the Spectator will sit on those rocks and dream the afternoon away. Suddenly he is stopped by a sentry. He is at the entrance of old Fort Constitution, built in the war of 1812. He gains entrance. A clump of wooden buildings grouped just outside the portcullis are tumbling to pieces. The open door of one reveals the mess-hall of the one hundred and forty-two men, with their officers, of the United States Infantry. Inside the fort are the tents, in two circles—one row on the crumbling walls of the fort, one on the ground just at its feet. A group of soldiers close to the portcullis, in an embrasure, are gathered about a bicycle. High upon the wall an open tent shows a soldier sitting cross-legged on the ground, writing a letter on the top of a chest. One is reading aloud to a group. These men never left the country. They show their disappointment. Few visit them, and there are no enthusiasms

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gushing forth. The Spectator found himself saying, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

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Sunday afternoon, eight miles from Portsmouth, the Spectator sat on the rocks with the spray dashing over him. A sapphire sea spread out before him, with the Isle of Shoals lying in the horizon, green and gray. Suddenly a line of smoke to the west attracted his attention. The City of Rome on her way to Portsmouth—the beginning of the end! The Spanish prisoners were going home. Monday morning, on the top of the lighthouse rocks, the fog-bell had just stopped ringing, the clockwork having been put in motion for the Spectator's education, when from behind the long, low neck of land a black speck was seen; it lengthened; the flag of smoke appeared: the City of Rome with the defeated foes on their way to Spain. The war was over. The Spectator uncovered.

# George Kennan's Story of the War[1]

## XIV.—Morro Castle and the Harbor Defenses

IN the course of the first week after I landed in Santiago, and before I was taken ill with fever, I made a number of interesting excursions to points in the vicinity of the harbor, for the purpose of ascertaining the real nature and strength of the Spanish fortifications and intrenchments. From the front of our army, after the battle of July 1–2, I had carefully examined, with a strong glass, the blockhouses and rifle-pits which defended the city on the land side; and from the bridge of the State of Texas, two weeks later, I had obtained a general idea of the appearance of Morro Castle and the batteries at the mouth of the harbor which protected the city from an attack by water; but I was not satisfied with this distant and superficial inspection. External appearances are often deceptive; and forts or earthworks that look very formidable and threatening from the front, and at a distance of half a mile, may prove to have little real strength when seen from the other side and at a distance of only a few yards. I wished, therefore, to get into these forts and batteries before any changes had been made in them, and before their guns had been removed or touched, so that I might see how strong they really were and how much damage had been done to them by the repeated bombardments to which they had been subjected.

The first excursion that I made was to Morro Castle and the fortifications at the entrance to the harbor. It was my intention to start at 4 A.M., so as to reach the Castle before it should get uncomfortably hot; but as I had no alarm clock, and as no one in the Club ever thought of getting up before six, I very naturally overslept myself, and by the time I had dressed, eaten a hasty breakfast of oatmeal, hard bread, and tea, and filled my canteen with boiled water, it was after seven. The air ought to have been fresh and cool even then; but on the southeastern coast of Cuba the change from the damp chilliness of night to the torrid heat of the tropical day is very rapid, and, if there is no land breeze, the rays of the unclouded sun, even as early as seven o'clock in the morning, have a fierce, scorching intensity that is hardly less trying than the heat of noon. The only really cool part of the day is from four o'clock in the morning to six.

I put a can of baked beans and a few crackers of hard bread into my haversack for lunch, threw the strap of my field-glass over my shoulder, took my canteen in my hand, and hurried down Gallo Street to the pier of the Juragua Iron Company, where I had engaged a colored Cuban fisherman to meet me with a sailboat at 4 A.M. He had been waiting for me, patiently or impatiently, more than three hours; but he merely looked at me reproachfully, and pointed to the sun, as if to say, "You agreed to be here at daybreak, and now see where the sun is." I laid my head down sidewise on the palm of my hand, shut my eyes, snored vociferously, and explained to him in Russian that I had overslept myself. I was gratified to see that he understood my Russian perfectly. In communicating with Cubans and Spaniards I have always made it a practice to address

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them in Russian, for the obvious reason that, as they are foreigners, and Russian is a foreign tongue, they must, necessarily, understand that language a little better than they could possibly understand English. It may seem like an absurd idea, but I have no hesitation in saying that a skillful and judicious combination of Russian with the sign language is a good deal more intelligible to a Cuban fisherman than either pigeon-English or Volapük. Voltaire once cynically remarked that "paternosters will shave if said over a good razor." So Russian will convey a perfectly clear idea to a Cuban fisherman if accompanied by a sufficiently pictorial pantomime. I tried it repeatedly on my boatman, and became convinced that if I only spoke Russian a little more grammatically, and gesticulated the sign language a little more fluently, I could explain to him the outlines of cosmic philosophy and instruct him in the doctrines of esoteric Buddhism. I never should have got to Morro Castle and back with him if I had not been able to draw diagrams in the air with both hands and my head simultaneously, and then explain them to him in colloquial Russian.

The surface of the bay, as we pushed off from the pier, was almost as smooth and glassy as an expanse of oil; and although my negro boatman whistled persuasively for a breeze, after the manner of sailors, and even ejaculated something that sounded suspiciously like "Come up 'leven!" as he bent to his clumsy oars, he could not coax the Cuban Æolus to unloose the faintest zephyr from the cave of the winds in the high blue mountains north of the city. He finally suspended his whistling to save his breath, wiped his sweaty face on his shirt-sleeve, and made a few cursory remarks in Spanish to relieve his mind and express his unfavorable opinion of the weather. I shared his feelings, even if I could not adopt his language, and, pantomimically wringing the perspiration out of my front hair, I remarked in Russian that it was "zharko" (hot). Encouraged by what he took for sympathetic and responsive profanity on my side, he scowled fiercely and exclaimed, "Mucha sol—Damn!" whereupon we smiled reciprocally and felt much cooler.

We crept slowly down the eastern side of the bay; past the conical hill crowned with a cubical blockhouse which marks the southern boundary of the city; around the end of the long iron trestle of the Juragua Iron Company; past the flat-topped mesa on which stands the harbor signal station; and finally into the narrow neck of the Santiago water-bottle which Hobson vainly tried to cork with the collier Merrimac. From this point of view we could see, between the steep bluffs which form the entrance to the bay, a narrow strip of blue, sunlit ocean, and on its left the massive gray bastions of Morro Castle, projecting in a series of huge steps, like ledges or terraces of natural rock, from the crest of the eastern promontory.

All the maps of Santiago Harbor that I have seen show another castle, called Socapa, nearly opposite Morro on the western side of the channel; but I have never been able to discover it. If it still exists, it must be in ruins and so overgrown with vegetation as to be completely hidden. The only fortification I could find on that side of the bay is the so-called "western battery," a recently constructed earthwork situated on the crest of the long, flat-topped hill which forms the outer coast-line. This earthwork could never have been known as a "castle;" it is at least three hundred yards west of the point indicated on the map as the site of Socapa; and it cannot be seen at all from the channel, or even from the highest parapet of Morro. Unless Socapa Castle, therefore, is so small and inconspicuous as to have escaped my notice, it must have fallen into ruins or been destroyed. There is no castle on the western side of the entrance now that can be seen from the water, from the Estrella battery, or from Morro.

After passing Cayo Smith, the sunken collier Merrimac, and the dismantled wreck of the Reina Mercedes, we turned abruptly to the left, opposite the Estrella battery, and entered a deep, sheltered cove, directly behind the Morro promontory and almost under the massive walls of the Castle itself. Landing at a little wooden pier on the northern side of the miniature bay, I walked up to the road leading to the Estrella battery, and there stopped and looked about me. The cove was completely shut in by high hills, and the only road or path leading out of it, so far as I could see, was the one on which I stood. This began, apparently, at the Estrella battery, ran around the head of the cove, and then, turning to the right, climbed the almost precipitous side of the Morro promontory, in a long steep slant, to a height of 150 feet. There it made another turn which carried it out of sight behind a buttress of rock under the northwestern corner of the Castle. Near

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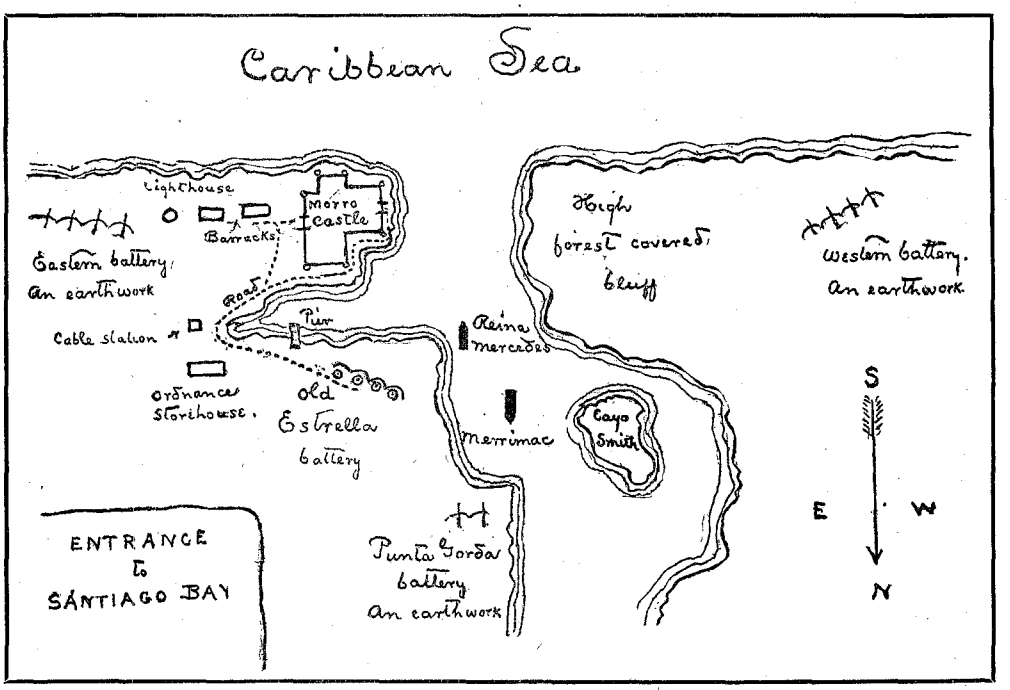
the mouth of the cove, on my right, rose the white, crenellated, half-ruined wall of the Estrella battery—a dilapidated open stone fort of the eighteenth century, which contained no guns, and which, judging from its appearance, had long been abandoned. It occupied, however, a very strong position, and if the Spaniards had had any energy or enterprise they would have put it in repair and mounted in it a modern mortar which lay on a couple of skids near the pier, and two or three small rapid-fire guns which they might have obtained from one of Admiral Cervera's cruisers. Antiquated and obsolete as it was, it might then have been of some use.

Near the head of the cove was an old ordnance storehouse or magazine, which proved, upon examination, to contain nothing more interesting than a few ancient gun-carriages, a lot of solid six-inch projectiles, an assortment of rammers and spongers for muzzle-loading cannon, and a few wooden boxes of brass-jacketed cartridges for Remington rifles. Three long smooth-bore iron culverins lay on the ground between this magazine and the pier, but they had not been fired, apparently, in a century, and were so eaten and pitted by rust that I could not find on them any trace of inscription or date. There was nothing really useful, effective, or modern either in the Estrella battery or in the magazine, except the Remington rifle cartridges and the unmounted mortar.

Finding nothing else of interest in the vicinity of the cove, I started up the road that led to the front or western face of Morro Castle. I call it a "road" by courtesy, because it did show some signs of labor and engineering skill; but it was broken every few yards into rude steps by transverse ledges of tough, intractable rock, and how any wheeled vehicle could ever have been drawn up it I cannot imagine. The fringe of plants, bushes, and low trees that bordered this road was bright with flowers, among which I noticed the white spider-lily (apparently a variety of Cleome pungens); the so-called "Cuban rose" (a flower that flaunts the scarlet and yellow of the Spanish flag and looks a little like Potentilla la Vesuve); and a beautiful climbing vine, with large violet blossoms which resembled in shape and color the butterfly-pea (Centrosema).




In and out among these plants and bushes ran nimble lizards of at least half a dozen different kinds—lizards that carried their tails curled up over their backs like pug-dogs; lizards that amused themselves by pushing out a whitish, crescent-shaped protuberance from under their throats and then drawing it in again; lizards that changed color while I watched them; and big gray

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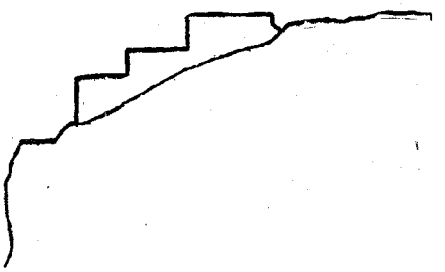
iguanas, two or three feet in length, which, although perfectly harmless, looked ugly and malevolent enough to be classed with Cuban land-crabs and tarantulas. I saw no animals except these lizards, and no birds except the soaring vultures, which are never absent from Cuban skies, and which hang in clouds over every battle-field, fort, city, and village on the island.

The road from the head of Estrella Cove to the crest of the Morro Promontory forks at a distance of seventy-five or one hundred yards from the cable-house, one branch of it turning to the left and climbing a steep grade to the summit of the ridge east of the Castle, where stand the lighthouse and the barracks, while the other branch goes straight on in a rising slant to a rocky buttress situated almost perpendicularly over the point where the southern shore of the cove intersects the eastern margin of the harbor channel. Turning to the left around this buttress, it runs horizontally southward along a shelf-like cornice in the face of the precipice until it reaches a spacious terrace or esplanade cut out of the solid rock, at a height of one hundred and fifty feet above the water. This terrace, which is on the western face of the Castle and directly under its lower bastions, seems to have been intended originally for a gun platform; but there is nothing there now to indicate that guns were ever mounted on it. It has no parapet or battlement, and is merely a wide, empty shelf of rock, overhanging the narrow entrance to the harbor, and overhung, in turn, by the walls of the fortress. In the mountain side back of it are four or five quadrangular apertures, which look from a distance like square port-holes or embrasures for heavy cannon, but which prove, upon closer examination, to be doors leading to huge subterranean chambers, designed, I presume, for the safe-keeping of ammunition and explosives. At the time when I went through them they contained nothing more dangerous than condemned shovels and pick-axes, empty bottles, old tin cans, metal lamps, dirty straw hats, discarded hammocks, and cast-off shoes. I found nothing in the shape of ammunition except two or three dozen spherical iron cannon-balls, which lay scattered over the rocky floor of the esplanade, as if the soldiers of the garrison had been accustomed to play croquet with them there, just to pass away the time in the intervals between Admiral Sampson's bombardments.

After looking about the esplanade and exploring the dim recesses of the gloomy ammunition vaults, I climbed a crooked flight of disintegrating stone steps and entered, between two massive quadrangular bastions,[1] the lower story—if I may so call it—of the Castle proper. As seen from the ocean outside of the harbor, this ancient fortress appears to consist of three huge cubes of gray masonry, superimposed one upon another, in such a manner as to present in profile the outline of three rocky terraces; but



whether this profile view gives anything like a correct idea of the real shape of the building I am unable to say. From the time when I entered the gateway at the head of the flight of stone steps that led up from the esplanade, I was lost in a jumbled aggregation of intercommunicating corridors, bastions, grated cells, stairways, small interior courtyards, and huge, gloomy chambers, which I could not mentally group or combine so as to reduce them to intelligible order or bring them into anything like architectural harmony. The almost complete absence of windows made it impossible to orient one's self by glancing occasionally at some object of known position outside; the frequent turns in the passages and changes of level in the floors were very confusing; the small courtyards which admitted light to the interior afforded no outlook, and I simply roamed from bastion to bastion and from corridor to corridor, without knowing where I was, or what relation the place in which I stood bore to the Castle as a whole. Now and then I would ascend a flight of stone steps at the side of a courtyard and come out, unexpectedly, upon what seemed to be a flat roof, from which I could see the entrance to the harbor and the white walls of the Estrella

[1] I use the word "bastion" in a very loose, untechnical way to designate projecting parts or semi-detached wings of the main building. I doubt whether the Castle contains anything that would be called a bastion by a military engineer; but I cannot think of any other word to describe the cubical masses of masonry that are joined to the main work only on one side.

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battery hundreds of feet below; but as soon as I went back into the maze of passages, chambers, and bastions on that level, I lost all sense of direction, and five minutes later I could not tell whether I was on the northern side of the Castle or the southern side, nor whether I was in the second of the three cubes of masonry or the third.

The most surprising thing about the Castle, to me, was its lack of offensive power. Its massive stone walls gave it, of course, a certain capacity for endurance, and even for resistance of a passive kind; but it was almost as incapable of inflicting injury on an enemy as a Dutch dike or a hillock of the mound-builders would be. Until I reached what, for want of a better name, I shall have to call the roof of the uppermost cube, I did not find anywhere a single round of ammunition, nor a gun of any caliber, nor a casemate intended for a gun, nor an embrasure from which a gun could have been fired. So far as architectural adaptation to the conditions of modern warfare is concerned, it was as harmless as an old Norman keep, and might have been planned and built two centuries before guns were used or gunpowder invented. I have been unable to ascertain the date of its erection; but the city of Santiago was founded by Diego Velasquez in 1514, and all the evidence furnished by the Castle itself would seem to indicate that it dates back to the sixteenth, or at latest to the seventeenth, century. There is certainly nothing in its plan or in its appearance to show that the engineers who designed it were acquainted even with the art of fortification as developed in the seventeenth century by Vauban. It is simply an old feudal castle, with moat, drawbridge, and portcullis, built after the model of mediæval strongholds before heavy siege ordnance came into general use. The idea that it could have done any serious damage to Admiral Sampson's fleet seems absolutely ludicrous when one has explored the interior of it and taken stock of its antiquated, not to say obsolete and useless, armament.

After wandering about for half an hour in the two lower stories, I climbed a crooked flight of stone steps, half blocked up with débris from a shattered parapet above, and came out on the flat roof of the highest and largest of the three cubes that together make up the fortress. It was a spacious battlemented floor, of rectangular but irregular outline, having an extreme length of perhaps 150 feet, with an average width of 75 to 100.[1] On its eastern side it overlooked a deep, wide moat, intended to protect the wall from an assault made along the crest of the promontory, while on the other three sides one might look down hundreds of feet to the wide blue plain of the ocean, the narrow mouth of the harbor, and the deep sheltered cove of the Estrella battery. The city of Santiago was hidden behind the flat-topped hill on which the signal station stands; but I could see a part of the beautiful bay, with the bare green mountains behind it, while eastward and westward I could follow the surf-whitened coast-line to the distant blue capes formed by the forest-clad slopes of Turquino on one side and the billowy foot-hills of the Grand Piedra on the other. The fleet of Admiral Sampson had disappeared; but its place had already been taken by a little fleet of fishing-smacks from Santiago, whose sun-illumined sails looked no larger, on the dark-blue expanse of the Caribbean, than the wings of white Cuban butterflies that had fallen into the sea.

For ten minutes after I reached the aerial platform of the bastion roof I had no eyes for anything except the magnificent natural cyclorama of blue water, rolling foot-hills, deep secluded valleys, and palm-fringed mountains that surrounded me; but, withdrawing my gaze reluctantly at last from the enchanting scenery, I turned my attention again to the Castle and its armament. Scattered about here and there on the flat roof of the bastion were five short bronze mortars of various calibers and two muzzle-loading smooth-bore cannon, mounted, like field-pieces, on clumsy wooden carriages with long "trails" and big, heavy wheels. It was evident, at a glance, that neither of the cannon would be likely to hit a battle-ship, at a distance of five hundred yards, without a special interposition of Providence; and as the mortars had no elevating, training, or sighting gear, and could be discharged only at a certain fixed angle, it is doubtful whether they could drop a shell upon a floating target a mile in diameter—and yet these five mortars and two eighteen-pounder muzzle-loading guns were all the armament that Morro Castle had.

After looking the pieces over superficially and forming from mere inspection a judg-

[1] I neglected to ascertain the dimensions of this roof or gun platform by pacing it, and the estimates given above are from memory.

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ment as to their value, I proceeded to examine them closely for dates. The larger of the two cannon, which was trained over the northern parapet as if to bombard the city of Santiago, bore the following inscription:

MARS
PLURIBUS NEC IMPAR [1]
12 Iun 1748
PAR IEAN MARITZ
ULTIMO RATIO REGUM [2]
LOUIS CHARLES DE BOURBON
COMPTE D'EU
DUC D'AUMALE

The other cannon, which was trained over the western parapet and aimed at the place where Socapa Castle ought to have been, was inscribed:

LE COMPTE DE PROVENCE
ULTIMO RATIO REGUM
LOUIS CHARLES DE BOURBON
COMPTE D'EU
DUC D'AUMALE
1755

The mortars, which were embellished with Gorgons' heads and were fine specimens of bronze casting, bore inscriptions or dates as follows:

No. 1. EL MANTICORA
1733
STRVXITDVCTOREXERC
ITM REGISBENQVE (*sic*)

PHIL II HISPAN REX [3]
ELISA FAR HIS REGINA

No. 2. VOĬE ABET FECIT
SEVILLE AÑO D
1724

No. 3. EL COMETA
1737

No. 4. 1780

No. 5. 1781

From the above inscriptions and dates it appears that the most modern piece of ordnance in the Morro Castle battery was cast 117 years ago, and the oldest one 174 years ago. It would be interesting to know the history of the two French cannon which, in obedience to the order of Louis XIV., were marked "ULTIMO RATIO REGUM." Iean Maritz, their founder, doubtless regarded them, a century ago, with as much pride as Herr Krupp feels now when he turns out a 15-inch steel breech-loader at Essen; but the "ultimo ratio regum" does not carry as much weight on this side of the Atlantic in the nineteenth century as it carried on the other side in the eighteenth; and the recent discussions between Morro Castle and Admiral Sampson's fleet proved conclusively that the "last argument of kings" is much less cogent and convincing than the first argument of battle-ships. It is doubtful, however, whether these antiquated guns were ever fired at Admiral Sampson's fleet. They were not pointed toward the sea when the Castle was evacuated; I could not find any ammunition for them, either on the bastion roof where they stood or in the vaults of the Castle below; there were no rammers or spongers on or about the gun platforms, where they would naturally have been left when the guns were abandoned; and there was nothing whatever to show that they had been fired in fifty years. But it could have made little difference to the blockading fleet whether they were fired or not. They were hardly more formidable than the "crakeys of war" used by Edward III. against the French at the battle of Crecy. As for the mortars, they were only fit for a museum of antiquities, or a collection of obsolete implements of war like that in the Tower of London. I hope that Secretary Alger or Secretary Long will have "El Manticora" and "El Cometa" brought to the United States and placed at the main entrance of the War Department, or the Navy Department, as curiosities, as fine specimens of artistic bronze casting, and as trophies of the Santiago campaign.

When I had finished copying the inscriptions on the cannon and the mortars, I went down into the interior of the Castle to examine some pictures and inscriptions that I had noticed on the walls of a chamber in the second story, which had been used, apparently, as a guard-room or barrack. It was a large, rectangular, windowless apartment, with a wide door, a vaulted ceiling, and smooth stone walls which had been covered with plaster and whitewashed. Among the Spanish soldiers who had occupied this room there was evidently an amateur artist of no mean ability who had amused himself in his hours of leisure by drawing pictures and caricatures on the whitewashed walls. On the left of the door, at a height of five or six feet, was a life-sized and very cleverly executed sketch of a Spaniard in a wide sombrero, reading a Havana newspaper. His

[1] "A fair match for numbers."
[2] "The last argument of kings." Words engraved or cast on French cannon by order of Louis XIV.
[3] Evidently an error; it should be Philip V.

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eyes and mouth were wide open, as if he were amazed and shocked beyond measure by the news of some terrible calamity, and his attitude, as well as the horror-stricken expression of his elongated face, seemed to indicate that, at the very least, he had just found in the paper an announcement of the sudden and violent death of all his family. Below, in quotation marks, were the words "! ! ! Que BARBARIDAD. ! ! ! Han apresado UN VIVERO." (What BARBARITY! ! ! They have captured a FISHING-SMACK! ! !)

This is, evidently, a humorous sneer at the trifling value of the prizes taken by the vessels of our blockading fleet off Havana in the early days of the war. But there is more in the Spanish words than can well be brought out in a translation, for the reason that "vivero" means a vessel in which fish are brought from the Yucatan banks *alive*, in large salt-water tanks. We had been accusing the Spaniards of cruelty and barbarity in their treatment of the insurgents. The artist "gets back at us," to use a slang phrase, by exclaiming, in pretended horror, "What barbarous cruelty! They have captured a boat-load of *living* fish!"

For a Spanish soldier, that is not bad; and the touch is as delicate in the sneer of the legend as in the technique of the cartoon.

A little further along and higher up, on the same wall, was a carefully executed and beautifully finished life-sized portrait of a tonsured Roman Catholic monk—a sketch that I should have been glad to frame and hang in my library, if it had only been possible to get it off the wall without breaking the plaster upon which it had been drawn. I thought of trying to photograph it; but the light in the chamber was not strong enough for a snap-shot, and I had no tripod to support my camera during a time exposure.

There were several other sketches and caricatures on the left-hand wall; but none of them were as good as the two that I have described, and, after examining them all carefully, I cast my eyes about the room to see what I could find in the shape of "loot" that would be worth carrying away as a memento of the place. Apart from old shoes, a modern kerosene lamp of glass, a dirty blanket or two, and a cot-bed, there seemed to be nothing worth confiscating except a couple of Spanish newspapers hanging against the right-hand wall on a nail. One was "El Imparcial," a sheet as large as the New York "Sun;" and the other, "La Saeta," an illustrated comic paper about the size of "Punch." They had no intrinsic value, of course, and as "relics" they were not particularly characteristic; but "newspapers from a bastion in Morro Castle" would be interesting, I thought, to some of my journalistic friends at home, so I decided to take them. I put up my hand to lift them off the nail without tearing them, and was amazed to discover that neither nail nor newspapers had any tangible existence. They had been drawn on the plaster, by that confounded soldier-artist, with a lead-pencil! I felt worse deceived and more chagrined than the Greek pony that neighed at the painted horse of Apelles! But I need not have felt so humiliated. Those newspapers would have deceived the elect; and I am not sure that the keenest-sighted proof-reader of the "Imparcial" would not have read and corrected a whole column before he discovered that the paper was plaster and that the letters had been made with a pencil. Major Greene, of the United States Signal Service, to whom I described these counterfeit newspapers, went to the Castle a few days later, and, notwithstanding the fact that he had been forewarned, he tried to take "La Saeta" off the nail. He trusted me enough to believe that one of the papers was deceptive; but he felt sure that a real copy of "La Saeta" had been hung over a counterfeit "Imparcial" in order to make the latter look more natural. If the soldier who drew the caricatures, portraits, and newspapers, in that guard-room, escaped shot, shell, and calentura, and returned in safety to Spain, I hope that he may sometime find in a Spanish journal a translation of this article, and thus be made aware of the respectful admiration that I shall always entertain for him and his artistic talents.

In all the rooms of the Castle that had been occupied by soldiers I found, scratched or penciled on the walls, checkerboard calendars on which the days had been successively crossed off; rude pictures and caricatures of persons or things; individual names; and brief reflections or remarks in doggerel rhyme or badly spelled prose, which had been suggested to the writers, apparently, by their unsatisfactory environment. One man, for example, has left on record this valuable piece of advice:

"Unless you have a good, strong 'pull' [*mucha influencia*], don't complain that your rations are bad. If you do, you may have

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to come and live in Morro Castle, where they will be much worse."

Another, addressing a girl named "Petenera," who seems to have gotten him into trouble, exclaims:

> Petenera, my life! Petenera, my heart!
> It is all your fault
> That I lie here in Morro
> Suffering pain and writing my name
> On the plastered wall.
>
> JOSE.

Probably "Jose" went to see "Petenera" without first obtaining leave of absence, and was shut up in one of the gloomy guard-rooms of Morro Castle as a punishment.

Another wall-writer, in a philosophic, reflective, and rather melancholy mood, says:

> Tu me sobreviviras.
> Que vale el ser del hombres
> Cuando un escrito vale mas.
>
> You [my writing] will last longer than I shall.
> What is man, when a scratch on the wall outlives him!

It is a fact which, perhaps, may not be wholly unworthy of notice, that among the sketches I saw and the mural inscriptions I copied in all parts of Morro Castle, there was not an indecent picture, nor an improper word, sentence, or line. Spanish soldiers may be cruel; but they do not appear to be vicious or corrupt in the way that soldiers often are.

In wandering through the corridors and gloomy chambers of the Castle, copying inscriptions on walls and cannon, and exploring out-of-the-way nooks and corners, I spent a large part of the day. I found that the masonry of the fortress had suffered even less from the guns of Admiral Sampson's fleet than I had supposed. The eastern and southeastern faces of the upper cube had been damaged a little; the parapet or battlement of the gun floor had been shattered in one place, and the débris from it had fallen over and partly blocked up the steps leading to that floor from the second story; two or three of the corner turrets had been injured by small shells; and there was a deep scar, or circular pit, in the face of the eastern wall, over the moat, where the masonry had been struck squarely by a heavy projectile; but, with the exception of these comparatively trifling injuries, the old fortress remained intact. Newspaper men described it as "in ruins" or "almost destroyed" half a dozen times in the course of the summer; and the correspondent of a prominent metropolitan journal, who entered the harbor on his dispatch-boat just behind the State of Texas, the day that Santiago surrendered, did not hesitate to say: "The old fort is a mass of ruins. The stone foundation has been weakened by the shells from the fleet, causing a portion of the Castle to settle from ten to twenty feet. Only the walls on the inner side remain. The terraces have been obliterated and the guns dismounted and buried in the débris. There are great crevices in the supporting walls, and the fort is in a general state of collapse."

How any intelligent man, with eyes and a field-glass, could get such an erroneous impression, or make such wild and reckless statements, I am utterly unable to imagine. As a matter of fact, the fleet never tried or intended to injure the Castle, and all the damage done to it was probably accidental. I have no doubt that Admiral Sampson might have reduced the fortress to the condition that the correspondent so graphically describes—I saw him destroy the stone fort of Aguadores in a few hours, with only four ships—but he discovered, almost as soon as he reached Santiago, that the old Castle was perfectly harmless, and, with the cool self-restraint of a thoughtful and level-headed naval officer, he determined to save it as a picturesque and interesting relic of the past. Most of the projectiles that struck it were aimed at the eastern battery, the lighthouse, or the barracks on the crest of the bluff behind it; and all the damage accidentally done to it by these shots might easily be repaired in two or three days. If Cuba ever becomes a part of the United States, the people of this country will owe a debt of gratitude to Admiral Sampson for resisting the temptation to show what his guns could do, and for preserving, almost intact, one of the most interesting and striking old castles in the world.

Leaving the fortress through the eastern gateway and crossing the dry moat on a wooden trestle which had taken the place of the drawbridge, I walked along the crest of the bluff toward the eastern battery. It was evident, from the appearance of the lighthouse and the one-story, tile-roofed buildings on the crest of the hill, that, if Morro Castle escaped serious injury, it was not because the gunners of our fleet were unable to hit it. Every other structure in its vicinity had been shattered, riddled, or smashed. The lighthouse, which was a tapering cylinder of three-quarter-inch iron twelve feet in diame-

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ter at the base and perhaps thirty feet high, had been struck at least twenty or thirty times. The western half of it, from top to bottom, had been carried away bodily; there were eleven shot-holes in the other half; the lantern had been completely demolished; and the ground, everywhere in the vicinity, was strewn with fragments of iron and glass. The flagstaff of the signal station had been struck twice—slender and difficult to hit as it was—and the walls and roofs of the barracks and ammunition storehouses had been pierced and torn by shot and shell in a dozen different places. It is not likely, of course, that all this damage was done at any one time or in any single bombardment. The gunners of our fleet probably used these buildings as targets, and fired at them, every time they got a chance, just for amusement and practice. The white cylinder of the lighthouse made a particularly good mark, and the eleven shot-holes in the half of it that remained standing showed that Admiral Sampson's gunners found no difficulty in hitting a target ten feet by thirty at a distance of more than a mile. The captain of the Spanish cruiser Vizcaya told Lieutenant Van Duzer, of the battle-ship Iowa, that, at the height of the naval engagement off the mouth of the harbor on the 3d of July, his vessel was struck by a shell, on an average, once a second. He spoke as if he had been greatly surprised by the extraordinary accuracy of our gunners' fire; but if he had taken one look at that Morro lighthouse, before he ran out of the harbor, he would have known what to expect.

After examining the shattered barracks and the half-demolished lighthouse, I walked on to the so-called "eastern battery," a strong earthwork on the crest of the ridge about 150 yards from the Castle. Here, in a wide trench behind a rampart of earth strengthened with barrels of cement, I found four muzzle-loading iron siege-guns of the last century; two modern mortars, like the one that I had seen on the skids near the head of Estrella cove; one smooth-bore cannon dated 1859, and two three-inch breech-loading rifles. The eighteenth-century guns were no more formidable than those on the roof of Morro, but the mortars and three-inch rifles were useful and effective. It was a shell from one of these mortars that killed or wounded eight sailors on the battle-ship Texas. One gun had been dismounted in this battery, but all other damage to it by the fleet had been repaired. Owing to the fact that its guns were in a wide trench, six or eight feet below the level of the hill-top, it was extremely difficult to hit them; and although Admiral Sampson repeatedly silenced this battery by shelling the gunners out of it, he was never able to destroy it.

The only other fortifications that I was able to find in the vicinity of Morro Castle were two earthworks known respectively as "the western battery" and "the Punta Gorda battery." The western battery, which was situated on the crest of the hill opposite Morro, on the other side of the harbor entrance, contained seven guns of various sizes and dates, but only two of them were modern. The Punta Gorda battery, which occupied a strong position on a bluff inside the harbor and behind the Estrella cove, had only two guns, but both were modern and of high power. In the three batteries—eastern, western, and Punta Gorda—there were only eight pieces of artillery that would be regarded as effective or formidable in modern warfare, and two of these were so small that their projectiles would have made no impression whatever upon a battle-ship, and could hardly have done much damage even to a protected cruiser. Six of these guns were so situated that, although they commanded the outside approach to the bay, they could not possibly hit an enemy that had once passed Morro and entered the channel. The neck of the bottle-shaped harbor, or, in other words, the narrow strait between Morro Castle and the upper bay, had absolutely no defensive intrenchment except the Punta Gorda battery, consisting of two guns taken from the old cruiser Reina Mercedes.

"Why," it may be asked, "did not Admiral Sampson fight his way into the harbor, if its defenses were so weak?"

Simply because the channel was mined. He might have run past the batteries without serious risk; but in so narrow a strip of water it was impossible to avoid or escape the submarine mines, four of which were very powerful and could be exploded by electricity. He offered to force an entrance if General Shafter would seize the mine station north of Morro; but the General could not do this without changing his plan of campaign. The co-operation of the navy, therefore, was limited to the destruction of Cervera's fleet and the bombardment of the city from the mouth of Aguadores ravine.

GEORGE KENNAN.

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# The World's Congress of History at the Hague

By William Elliot Griffis

"THE Leg and Seven Stars" is the name of more than one hotel in England. House-painters are not usually historical scholars, and, in years long after the Dutch Republic of seven States had become a memory, this is the way in which the sign-letterer expressed the ancient and honorable name of "The League of Seven States."

So history suffers. One sage friend whispered in my ear, as he saw gowned and cassocked professors of history at the Congress in the Hague, "Diplomacy is the essence of Jesuitism. History is one-third mutilation, one-third falsehood, and nearly another third prejudice." Nevertheless he expressed faith in this International Congress of Diplomatic History, believing that it would help to a true unveiling of the past.

Certainly the place and time chosen for the inauguration of a world's gathering of historical scholars are happy. For centuries the Dutch Republic, having led all Europe in freedom of conscience and of printing, was chosen as the neutral ground of treaty-making envoys. Here, perhaps, the very word "Congress," as now used, first came into vogue. In the free press of Leyden all diplomatists sought unshackled news and simple facts. Grandly did our own Washington acknowledge Professor Luzac's editorial honesty.

It was a happy thought, too, to invite the searchers after truth in history to meet at the Netherlands' seat of government just when the maiden Queen Wilhelmina assumes her full queenship. In a few days the leagues of decoration in color and miles of illuminating pipe will go the way of the skyrocket stick and the pinwheel stub, but the Congress of History will leave a rich record and start a good impulse. One thing seems certain. Scholars of every land want to know the reality, both in fact and in truth. They would see the past, at least, without the chromatics and strabismus of personal prejudice.

The Congress of over one hundred members met in glad sunshine in the rooms of the First Chamber of the States-General, on Thursday morning, September 1. It held a general session at nine o'clock on each of the three days, and then after an hour divided into four sections for the reading and discussion of special papers. These pictured the course of events, both known and secret, from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century in (1) all Europe west of Russia; (2) in the Muscovite and Ottoman Empires; (4) in India, China, and Japan. In section third we had the forms of diplomacy analyzed and delineated by men who as friends knew Rome well, and could tell all about protocols, concordats, and the struggle between the forces by the Tiber and those in the States of Europe.

Probably twenty nations were represented. There were Turks, Russians, Japanese, Roumanians, spectacled and straw-haired Germans, sharp-featured Frenchmen, rosy-cheeked Britons, and Americans of various sorts; yet it looked as if the same tailor had purveyed for all, so monotonous in clothes are the males of to-day. There were women too, and now we may speak of variety. From the gaudiness of white satin gowns and amazing abundance of jewels (despite matin hours) and the short hair and general radical flavor apparent in some, we could turn with patriotic pride to note how quietly elegant and modestly appropriate was the garb of the American ladies.

For, happily, in this Congress, which is permanent and will meet again in Paris in 1900, and publish its proceedings, women may work too. The assessment for males is $4, but for women only $2, except in years of meeting. In the list of members we note the names of our own Ruth Putnam, whose life of William of Orange is now in Dutch as well as English; of Professor Lucy Salmon, of Vassar; of the Duchess of Alva, who in Madrid is the scholarly custodian of the archives of a famous house; and, if we count right on the list, of nearly a dozen others.

The aims and spirit of this fraternity of workers are certainly very delightful and truly commendable. It attempts to unveil and open



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archives, to collect and publish original documents, to get at the facts, to give out history as the whole world's property, to make it real. It was opened by no less a personage than the Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, while here, serving as hosts, secretaries, and servants in a good cause, are princes, dukes, barons, and men of name and fame as well as of rank. There are excursions and receptions enough to satisfy the social side of scholarly humanity, while the study of physiognomy and the varied workings of many intellects is exhilarating.

The American is here made to feel both proud and humble. How fluent these Europeans are with French and German and English, even though they be born neither in the land of the Gaul, nor of the Teuton, nor of the British! The average American is not polyglot. Neither has any one of us that are present as delegates, this time at least, a learned paper. Perhaps some of us will do better at Paris in 1900. Then, further, we have no history four centuries old. What upstarts of yesterday we are!

Yet we warm with pride as President de Beaufort praises our Motley and Godkin, and as even the closet specialists refer in terms of honor to historical work done beyond sea, and to our very valuable diplomatic publications from Washington. Here are represented the American Historical Association, the Holland Society, and the Southern Historical Society. There sit Judge Truax and General Viele, known to New Yorkers, both with fine faces and no sign of degenerate Americanism. In the semicircle of chairs opposite the President's tribune one sees a typical Virginia gentleman. It is Patrick Henry's grandson, the Hon. William Wirt Henry, and beside him are wife and daughter, while close at hand are Professor Haskins, the scholar in mediæval writings, and Professor and Mrs. Henry Alexander White, of Washington and Lee University. In elegant French, Mr. Gustavus Whiteley, of Baltimore, speaks (unofficially, as do all delegates of governments) on behalf of President McKinley and the American delegation. Of "The League of Seven States," formed at Utrecht in 1579, Miss Lucy Salmon, who is present with her friend Miss Start, of Vassar, has ably written. The author of "Brave Little Holland," here for the fifth time on the soil, remembers that his Alma Mater, Rutgers College, in New Jersey, began life largely under the auspices of Livingston, the Scottish-American pastor in the Reformed Dutch Church and graduate of Utrecht University. In the western world, in 1770, he enlarged the ancestral prayer, "Sol justitiæ illustra nos," adding, "et occidentam." The prayer and college motto are timely—Sun of justice, illuminate also the west.

Six bright and lively Japanese are here also. Intense earnestness and alertness to grasp the principles of the history and law of Christendom characterize these progressive gentlemen. One is a son of a victorious admiral, one is sent by the Tokio Government, one is secretary of the Legation at the Hague, and two will read papers, one in French, the other in English.

The Russians send handsome, rosy-faced men in faultless tailoring, speaking remarkably clear French. I have been told that every German university is represented. The English professor, Oscar Browning, writer of many books, "stocky," hail-fellow, learned, and fluent, fills the chair as Vice-President finely, and talks German easily. What a delightful fellow an Englishman is when he has a touch of bohemianism in his composition! One of the most impressive of men, a many-sided scholar, is Frederic Harrison, of London, who is literally raising in bronze at Paris the statue of his teacher, Auguste Comte. Who can excel this master of research, of spoken French and of luminous English, in writing biography, like that of his Cromwell, or William the Silent? He, more than any other, is making accessible the diplomatic history of mighty England during a thousand years past.

Our space forbids detailed praise or prophecy of this international gathering. It is set not only for the defense of truth, but for its gathering and storage in print. If historical truth is as important as religious truth (and who doubts it?), surely this Congress must do great good now and hereafter.

The Hague.

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# The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen

By the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D.

THE Governor-General of Canada took formal leave of the Dominion Parliament at the close of the recent session. In doing so he expressed his gratification that it was his good fortune to witness the improved relations that have grown up between Canada and the United States. He looked forward, he said, with much satisfaction to the great benefits that will flow from a settlement of the questions which have caused irritation between the two countries. As this popular Viceroy is about to return to Great Britain, a brief sketch of his public career may be of interest. His administration in Canada has added another wreath to the laurels which he has won in public service elsewhere.

The family history of the Aberdeens goes back to the days of the Plantagenets. The present Earl is also a direct descendant of John Knox, and has thus good Presbyterian blood in his veins. His grandfather, the fourth Earl of Aberdeen, was Prime Minister of Queen Victoria from 1852 to 1855, and was highly esteemed by his sovereign. The father of the present Earl, Lord Haddo, was a lifelong invalid. His ill health precluded an active interest in politics, but he spent what strength he had in religious work—preaching, teaching, church-building, and such evangelistic efforts as lay within his power. He was a man of pronounced piety and of large and tolerant spirit.

His oldest son had a romantic and tragic career. The resources of the house had been somewhat taxed by the church-building generosity of the fifth Earl. Young Gordon, therefore, determined to let its revenues increase, and at the same time to gratify his personal love of adventure. After a short tour in the United States he shipped at Boston as an A.B. sailor, under the name of George H. Osborne. He was a first-class seaman, and passed creditable examinations at the Boston Nautical College. For three or four years he made trading voyages to the Canaries, Mexico, and along the American coast, earning his living before the mast. He was a man of marked uprightness of character, and took an active part in the religious exercises both on ship and on shore. In 1870 he started for a voyage around the world, shipping first to Australia. Six days out from port, while helping to lower the mainsail, he was thrown into the sea and drowned. His death made the present Earl of Aberdeen heir to the title and estate.

As a younger son he had received a practical education, and exhibited a remarkable taste for mechanics and engineering. He is probably the only peer of the realm who knows how to run an express railway locomotive. He took his place in the House of Lords in his twenty-third year, and, appropriately enough, soon found a place on the Royal Commission for inquiry into railway accidents, their causes and means of prevention.

When the late Mr. Plimsoll began his agitation against the overloading of "coffin ships," Lord Aberdeen became Chairman of the Commission on Shipping. He subsequently served as Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, and dispensed almost regal hospitality as the Queen's representative in the ancient palace of Holyrood.

In 1886 he was offered by his old friend, and his father's and grandfather's friend, Mr. Gladstone, the position of Viceroy of Ireland. It was a delicate and difficult trust which was committed to him, but he proved equal to the task. The official occupant of Dublin Castle had long been the representative of an alien and hated power. It was a year of much distress in the country. The crops and fisheries had both failed. But the tact and skill of Lord Aberdeen, and especially of his accomplished wife, herself descended, through the O'Neills of Tyrone, from the ancient kings of Ireland, completely won the hearts of the Irish people.

Lady Aberdeen devoted herself with energy to reviving the domestic industries of Ireland—lace-making, weaving, knitting, embroidery, and the like. She afterwards took a very active part in promoting the "Irish Village" at the Chicago Columbian Fair.

The Countess has been, if possible, even more popular than the noble Earl. Her life-story is one of remarkable romance. She is the daughter of Lord Tweedmouth, better known, probably, as Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks. She was brought up in a wild and picturesque spot in the Inverness high-



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lands. It was a mountain solitude twenty-three miles from the nearest railway. She claims descent from the ancient kings of Scotland as well as from those of Ireland, and was nurtured on the heroic traditions of her ancestors. Free from the society distractions which dissipate so much time and energy, she found leisure for wide reading and study, and for some high thinking. The result is seen in her broad culture, her magnetic eloquence, her noble and generous impulses.

When she was a girl of only eleven, a young lad not much older, who had been hunting across the country and lost his way, came to the porter's lodge to ask a night's shelter. Finding that he was the son of his old friend the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Dudley invited him to Guisachan, and Ishbel Marjoribanks first saw her future husband. Years of study and travel were, however, to intervene before their lives came together again.

After their marriage they spent some weeks on the Nile. Here an evidence of Lord Aberdeen's practical beneficence developed. "Hearing that boys were bought and sold as merchandise," says W. T. Stead, from whose brilliant character-sketch of Lord and Lady Aberdeen we quote, "they sent their man ashore at one of the villages, stating that if they had any boys for sale they would be glad to see them. Without any delay a slave-merchant brought four boys on board the ship, and set forth with much detail their various advantages, and discoursed upon the benefits which would accrue to the purchaser of so desirable a human article. The merchant then stated the price at which he was willing to part with them. Lord Aberdeen pointed to the British flag which was flying at the masthead, and told the slave-dealer that the four boys were slaves no longer, as wherever the British flag flew slavery ceased to exist. But, in order not to create a hubbub, he stated that he was willing to take charge of the boys and give the slave-dealer a present almost equivalent to the price which he had asked. They took the children up to Assiout and handed them over to a mission to be baptized and brought up. Then a difficulty arose. The missionaries refused to baptize them unless their parents or adopted parents would take the responsibility of presenting them for baptism. Lord and Lady Aberdeen at once adopted the four boys as their own children, and they were all baptized and placed in good keeping. Three of them afterwards died of consumption. The remaining one grew up and became an earnest Christian, and is at the present moment a missionary in the Soudan. They put another Egyptian lad to college at Edinburgh, and he is now a missionary in China."

The Aberdeens had special qualifications for the high place they were to occupy in Canada. They had traveled extensively through the country, and had invested largely in cattle-ranching and fruit-raising estates. As Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen has been unwearied in the discharge of his official and social duties. He has again and again traveled through the length and breadth of the Dominion, residing for lengthened periods in its chief cities from Halifax to Victoria. He seems equally at home addressing Boards of Trade, University Convocations, or gatherings of the farmers on the prairies or the miners on the mountains. His hospitable receptions, dinners, and banquets have given a great social *éclat* to his official career.

The Queen's representative has some delicate and difficult duties to discharge in holding the balance equal between the rival political parties of the Dominion. That Lord Aberdeen has not succeeded in pleasing both of these parties is not to his discredit. When the Tupper Ministry was defeated in 1896, it made a number of "death-bed appointments" to office. Some of these Lord Aberdeen, on the advice of the new Ministry, declined to sanction. This brought upon him the severe criticism of the ex-Ministers; but the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, has vindicated the Governor-General, whose official position prevents him from vindicating himself.

No mistress of Rideau Hall, the viceregal residence, has ever dispensed a more gracious hospitality than the Countess of Aberdeen. She carries into effect her democratic theories. The servants of the establishment belong to a social guild, in which the Earl and Countess take profound interest, and in whose recreations they take active part. Indeed, some society people of the capital complain that the Countess has set an example which it is hard to follow in their relations to their servants.

Lady Aberdeen's philanthropies are not bounded by the limits of her home. They are wide as the continent—wide as the race. One of her first efforts at social amelioration

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was the establishment of the Onward and Upward Society among her tenants, domestics, and poor people on the Scottish estates. It has spread till it has many thousands of members throughout the world. In promotion of its views the Countess edits a monthly magazine with the title "Onward and Upward." Her daughter, Lady Marjorie, is the editor of "Wee Willie Winkie," a charming child's paper.

Lady Aberdeen has also organized the Woman's Liberal Federation, of which, for a time, she acted as President, embracing a body of eighty thousand women in different parts of the Empire. Its purpose is to induce women "to take an intelligent interest in politics, and to make their influence felt in all that relates to the moral and social improvement of society."

In Canada Lady Aberdeen has organized the National Council of Women, with active branches in the principal centers of population throughout the Dominion. Its object is to "promote unity and charity, both among religious, philanthropic, and secular associations, giving all a chance of knowing of what is being done for the good of the world outside their own immediate sphere."

The pet scheme of the Countess, however, as a commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, is the establishment of a Victorian Order of Nurses for the care of the sick in towns and cities, and in remote and destitute places. At first some members of the medical profession looked somewhat askance at this movement, but as it came to be better understood it received cordial support. This promises to be the best monument of Lady Aberdeen in Canada, as the Nursing Association in India is of the Countess of Ava, the accomplished wife of Lord Dufferin, a previous Governor-General of the Dominion.

# Fear in the Discipline of Children

By Stuart H. Rowe, Ph.D.

THERE are two causes of fear. The first is, naturally enough, a knowledge of danger. The second is, the consciousness of ignorance as to the presence or absence of danger.

An officer of the United States Army once said that there were only two "things" of which he was afraid. The one was "women," and the other was "snakes." In explanation he suggested that he did not understand either of them, and therefore was afraid. Other illustrations of this same cause of fear are often found in child life. Unless possessed of a very optimistic turn of mind or of unusual courage, children have an almost instinctive fear of darkness. This may be explained as timidity arising only because the child is unaware of what evils covered up by the darkness may work to his harm. In the light his way is open. He feels that he can see danger when it is present.

The almost universal fear of solitude is another instance. When surrounded by our families, and especially by those older and stronger, we feel their protection and strength, and are on this account assured of our own security from chance dangers that may assail us. Stripped, however, of this companionship and reinforcement, the child may well feel himself helpless to combat the many and complex dangers which he already distinctly recognizes as dangers, though the ability to meet them is felt to be beyond his power.

Fears, the causes of which are known, are very helpful in the training of children. Fears resulting from ignorance or from the lack of understanding are helpful in that they screen the children from danger, but are harmful in that they cause a more or less complete check to the child's development in certain directions. All causes of fear may be included in these two classes.

There are also two fundamental effects of fear on action. The first is the complete paralysis or partial inhibition that is shown by animals in their shamming or feigning death, as we say. But the animal does not become motionless because of any remarkable shrewdness. It is ignorant of the fact that the eye sees moving objects more readily than still ones. It is simply "scared stiff." The second fundamental effect of fear on action is its influence as a stimulant or incentive. But notice: the direction of the action is *away* from the cause of fear, unless this be impossible, in which case it incites to ferocity.

Let this true picture of a school-room illustrate. It was the first day of school in a fourth grade. The children had just been

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promoted to the room from the next lower. Half the class were set to work at their seats. The other half were arranged in a row, near the blackboard, facing the teacher, with readers in their hands. The edict went forth that the first child to look off his book would be obliged to go to the cloak-room and suffer immediate punishment. There was deep silence and hard study (?) for a few moments. Nobody having as yet been pounced upon, some half-dozen, whose curiosity had begun to overcome their fear, looked up to see who the coming victims were to be. They soon found out, and were all summarily despatched to the cloak-room, whence they emerged a few moments later nursing or wringing their tingling hands. The teacher had shown her authority. She had instilled fear in each member of the class. Some she had paralyzed, and thus blunted all action, sympathetic or otherwise. Some she had indeed stimulated to action; but it was action only in the direction of getting away from her as soon as possible, either to the grade above or out of school altogether. She had forfeited that very first day her only hope of helping the children in any permanent way to a completer living.

As corollaries of these two principles I wish to point out two harmful and three helpful uses of fear.

Children are warned to keep their hands off from things for fear of being poisoned or stung or bitten. Everything begins to take upon itself some dangerous qualities, and the child's action is necessarily limited. Other children must be careful not to get their hands dirty, or to get heated, or to get their clothes soiled. More or less heavy penalties are attached to each of these warnings, so that our checking of the child's development may be still more complete. In less cultivated homes the terrors of the "bogy" man, or of the policeman, not to mention gypsies or the fiery pit, are crowded upon the child's imagination. The result is, inevitably, restricted development, partial paralysis. The child cannot freely find out things for himself; he cannot indulge in free imagination. Instead, he is forced to limit his action to those things which have been tried and found to be without seriously harmful effects.

Another example of the harmful working of fear is found in the pressure of our modern school upon the weaker child. Here is a task too great for this child. The penalty for not getting it is severe. No excuses are accepted. He falls behind; he fears the loss of esteem of teacher and schoolmate. In other words, the child is afraid, loses power of work, becomes discouraged, ceases from effort, and appears to be lazy. The only way in which he can be waked up to vigorous action is by such an appeal to what he can do well that his fear of falling behind, of losing esteem, is disarmed, and he is left free (from fear of discouragement) to do his best.

Restricted development and discouragement are the two chief harmful effects of fear. On the other hand, fear can be of great service. A mother tells a young child not to go near the bonfire, or not to jump rope more than a given number of times. Does she reason with the child in each case carefully? No. She trusts to the child's knowledge of her love and care to show that she knows what is for the best. She tells the child that what it wishes to do is dangerous, and that she will have to punish it, in order to keep it from being more severely punished in another way. Fear of consequences is used to lead the child to avoid harmful things until it is old enough to know why they are harmful. This is a legitimate use of fear; but it must always be fear of consequences, if possible, and fear of punishment only as the consequences are too complex or too remote to be fully understood or realized by the child.

The more especial function of fear is to arouse an abhorrence of the wrong. This is illustrated by the child when it is particularly careful not to harm the property of others, or when it rebels against being called "mean." The warning "Don't be mean" is an appeal to the fear of doing injustice and of consequent dishonor. When the child views with horror his own wrong acts as well as those of others, and is *afraid* to lie, *afraid* to steal, and *afraid* to be unkind to others, then is his fear turned into proper channels. Where, moreover, this fear reveals itself in an anxiety to please, to do something for others, and in tact, and in endeavor to do the right, there is disclosed a stimulus, a strong, helpful incentive to the right, primarily because the child fears the wrong act, fears it either for its practical reaction upon himself or because of the moral repugnance he has for himself when conscious of failure to do his best.

The third helpful use of fear is a development of this, less frequently found. It is represented by the precise, correct, conscientious child, who recognizes the causes of

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wrong action as due to his own weakness. He fears laziness, fears untruthfulness, fears selfishness, fears what is low, not in the consequences primarily, but in the hold upon his own nature. He takes refuge in his ideals and in reason. Do not imagine that the little prig is an example of this type. He (or she) is essentially a little Pharisee, formal, self-satisfied, and entirely unconscious of his own weaknesses. It is rather the publican standpoint, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." In him is the fear that makes the man.

Should we attempt to develop this distrust of self? Yes. Distrust of these impulses and unseasoned thoughts is to be encouraged, but only that the child's confidence in the ultimate triumph of reason and reflection, if given opportunity, may be magnified. The world has expressed its views of second thoughts in many proverbs. Impulse and the direct animal mechanism are quick in their action, but fear, or prudence (which implies fear), leads to reason, the court which will present the evidence to the will.

Fear is an instinct, a guide to animal nature, a safeguard against real danger, a restraint to impetuous initiative. Reason has no need of the instinct of fear, except as reason is embodied in physical nature. There fear drives us, or should drive us, to reason—to our higher nature. This is its chief pedagogical function.

State Normal School, Mankato, Minn.

# Summer Hotel Manners

By Mary Mayne

WE meet many young girls at summer resorts who diffuse an atmosphere of genial refinement. They do not intrude their presence upon others, neither are they repellent if one, unintroduced, ventures to address them. They do not bore others with ceaseless chatter, neither do they retreat into their shell at the social hour. They are those of whom the proprietor of a popular summer hotel once said, "We want more of that kind here."

But, unfortunately, there are some who, apparently, leave their good manners at home—packed away, to be unfolded in the fall. They lack that true courtesy which makes people about them comfortable. If one is imbued with the consciousness that she is richer, better, or in a higher social position than those about her, her mental attitude is quickly perceived.

Many bring discomfort into the summer home from utter thoughtlessness. They infringe on the rights and happiness of others, simply because they "don't think." Unhappily, also, there is sometimes another class, who, apparently, willfully disregard good social usage because they feel freed from the restraints of home; or, strange as it may seem, for the purpose of attracting attention, they set at naught the proprieties which prevail everywhere among refined men and women. Such must be unconscious of the opinion inevitably formed about them—or they do not care.

It is a serious thought that, as we grow older, it becomes more and more difficult to change our habits of thought and action, and the principles that govern our lives. One who has reached middle age ungenial, discourteous, selfish, will probably always remain so. But the young have it in their power to cultivate a genial, sympathetic spirit which will instinctively manifest itself in those kind, considerate acts which carry happiness to other hearts.

What are some of the things which seem thoughtless, unkind, unladylike, at summer resorts? Is not gossiping one of these? A gossip is one who "tells idle tales." There may be "idle tales" which are not harmful, but simply amusing; but more often they are tales in which the faults, peculiarities, or the private affairs of others are revealed and discussed, perhaps not with any evil intent, but simply from a love of talking, from a desire to tell something piquant or novel; and usually this *something* a kind, considerate spirit would shield with silence. A party of ladies, with their fancy-work, on a hotel piazza, or gathered in a corner of the parlor in the evening, too often listen with morbid interest to the gossiper who tells of Mrs. A——'s domestic troubles, how Miss B—— broke her engagement, or what she overheard Mrs. C—— say to her husband. The appetite for such topics is unwholesome. Would we like to have *our* private affairs or *our* failings thus discussed? Surely we may not only

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refrain from conversation of this nature, but discourage it by our influence, by speaking a good word of the absent, by our tact in introducing other topics. "Put yourself in the place of the absent" is a good motto.

Do not join the army of grumblers garrisoned at almost every summer resort. It is always a mystery why they return year after year, as many do, to places about which they continually complain. No place suits every one. But if evils exist which are not remedied after proper application, or which cannot be remedied, it would be wiser to bear them silently or to go away, rather than form a *habit* of grumbling.

Has the age of quiet footsteps, refined tones of voice, and low, pleasant laughter quite passed away? We hope and believe not; although often, on hotel piazzas and in other public places, we are reminded, by contrast, of long-ago times, when a voice "soft, gentle, and low" was esteemed "an excellent thing in woman." Times have changed, but it is yet true that loud, coarse talking and laughing, and noisy manners generally, give evidence of lack of good breeding. Will not our young girls make an effort to be more thoughtful about these things, not only for their own sakes, but for the credit of their mothers?

# The Fourth Unity

By William C. Lawton

THE very essence of the best Greek work seems to lie in great part herein: that in each masterpiece one thought, one passion, one heroic figure, dominates all. This is especially true, and is indeed most fully felt, in regard to sculpture. It is no barbaric impulse that bids us gaze with admiration at the Hermann-Denkmal, the Bavaria, or our own Liberty. So the Greeks themselves mention, perhaps oftener than any other statue, the monumental Pallas whose spear-point soared high above the Acropolis. A group, if sculptured at all by a Hellenic artist, makes some one supreme figure like Apollo dwarf his mother and sister, or the Muses, or whoever his attendants may be.

Greek architecture followed the same law. Indeed, we are inclined to think the temple itself was, in origin and development, actually subsidiary to the nobler art of the sculptor, who alone could adequately delineate, magnify, and set upon a pedestal the glorious human form divine. Certainly he who passed within the door of the chief shrine at Athens or Olympia felt that the interior was little more than a dusty frame for the great figure of gold and ivory which seemed almost too mighty to be contained therein. Even he who stood a hundred yards away from the temple front might well feel that the vertical lines of the columns, the fast-narrowing triangle above them, merely carried his gaze contentedly and buoyantly upward to rest at last upon the stately central figure among the pediment-statues—the figure for which all the rest of the structure formed a splendid pedestal.

Almost exactly the same impression is made upon us by a Greek tragedy; and this is especially true of the greatest successes. In the Prometheus there is hardly the possibility of *action* at all. The protagonist is left fettered and helpless in the opening scene; at the close he is utterly overwhelmed. Even in the complete three-act drama, as we ought to call it—if it were preserved—we should see him tortured afresh in the second act, and released from the crag and vulture only toward its close, while the third and final picture would bring, not triumph, but submission, penitence, reconciliation. Yet we may be sure the title-rôle was still rightly chosen. It is in the highest degree improbable that the resistless victor, Zeus, appeared on the stage at all. In utter surrender at the last, as in mad defiance before, the generous, rash friend of mankind must have dominated the scene still. This is, I am confident, one reason, and not the least, why the general voice names this theological mystery-play as the masterpiece of Æschylus.

It is a very general belief, though it cannot be fully proven, that the three plays in each and every Æschylean trilogy had a firm unity of plot, so that they really constituted one drama. That the leading character was regularly the same through them all cannot be asserted, of course. Sometimes it was rather the tale of a family that was carried through several generations. But the Greeks felt the unity of a noble race as we no longer

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can. The life of the family was infinitely more than that of any man. We need only recall that to each forlorn hope, as, *e. g.*, to Thermopylæ, were sent by preference married men who had living sons. We *console* ourselves for a tragic death by saying, "The man was unmarried," or, "He left only a widow." So, the trilogies that passed from Œdipus's or Agamemnon's woes to their children's do not really weaken my main thesis dangerously.

The entire Oresteian trilogy contains fewer verses than "Hamlet." (Schiller's "Don Carlos" is longer than either, not to mention the great Wallenstein series.) Nevertheless, the restless Greek audience, or the sensitive Attic artist of the beautiful, felt that this was too long a time to keep all thoughts intent, with sternest self-repression, upon a single theme. And so Sophocles, in the age when tragedy culminated, widened the scene? multiplied the characters? complicated the plot? Quite the contrary. He snapped the links uniting the three Æschylean dramas, and strove to depict adequately in each single tragedy the supreme moment of a heroic life. The plays he offered on the same day were wholly diverse from each other in scene and character. We dare not even surmise any half-concealed artistic harmony in their *motif* or tone. The seven extant specimens do justify us in asserting that each play was satisfying and complete in itself.

Here again our choice of the supremely successful work is easy. Nearly every lover of literature hovers but a moment over either Œdipus, to cleave unhesitatingly rather to the Antigone. But any choice would justify my contention. The dramatist is quite safe in daring to leave Creon upon the stage while Antigone is twice withdrawn, and even after her death is announced. Neither are the repeated and heavy blows that fall well-merited on Creon's head able to endanger for an instant the royal place held in all our thoughts by the discrowned heroine, the unwedded bride, the fearless and innocent sufferer for the commonest duties and ties of human love. It is the fitting and glorious elevation of this one figure that makes Antigone the masterpiece of Sophocles. When we analyze or cavil at him, call him cold, technical, Attic, rather than human, we have to put our beloved Antigone resolutely out of our mind while we play the critic.

Indeed, we are not alone in the feeling that Greek drama (if not Greek ethics) reaches its noblest height when the maiden princess lifts calm, fearless eyes to her angry king and declares her inevitable choice—to obey the divine and eternal laws, not the mere royal or Theban mandate:

> Justice, abiding with the gods below,
> Did not ordain decrees like these for men;
> Nor did I think thy edicts had such force
> So that a mortal man might override
> The unwritten changeless statutes of the gods.
> They are not of to-day or yesterday,
> But stand eternal. None knows whence they came.
> I would not, dreading any mortal's pride,
> Be punished by the gods for breaking these.
> I knew I was to die—why should I not?—
> Even if thou proclaimst it not; and if
> Before my time I die, I count it gain.
> For whoso lives, as I, amid many woes,
> What may he have but gain in perishing?
> But if my mother's son
> I had left, a corpse, unburied, after death,
> That would have troubled me. This grieves me not

Such a woman, even after her departure and the tale of her death, remains the true queen of tragedy.

With Euripides, it must be confessed, our case is not so clear. To Æschylus, man, however heroic, is but a helpless instrument, through which a just but austere law divine works out its signal lesson and warning. Sophocles realizes both the dignity and the pathos of the individual life more adequately, yet he, too, feels that law is just, though the gods interfere less directly in human affairs; and, indeed, the justification of fate comes by preference from within, from the pain-racked human hero's own heart. Euripides is not so sure of the divine justice and wisdom. Certainly the quarrelsome Pantheon described by early poets and in crude traditional myths horrified him. The swift decay and downfall of Athens in his later years must have embittered his agnostic doubts. I fully believe (going so far with Professor Verrall) that parts, at least, of plays like the Ion and the raging Hercules must be aimed with deadly intent at the orthodox belief in the very existence of the popular gods. But just so far as these doubts obtruded themselves, and complicated his plots with chance, injustice, and divine caprice, he became un-Hellenic, inartistic, ineffective.

Even though we may not feel really and fully assured that our world is governed with justice, it is necessary for the artist, if not for the preacher, to crowd back his doubts—unless, indeed, he can make the compensations of heaven as vivid, as realistic, as artis-

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tically near to us, as the sufferings of earth. This the Greek poet, at any rate, never did. He was too much in love with Athens to crave the Elysian fields, any more than Dr. Johnson ever cared to leave London and the club for the country and Nature.

Nor did Shakespeare succeed better here. The sulphurous prison-house whence the noble elder Hamlet comes, and whither he returns, inspires only vague horror and dread in the living. To be sure, the dying prince Hamlet says to his friend:

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath with pain
To tell my story.

But it seems clear that he says it precisely because he is still conscious that for a well-balanced and resolute nature like Horatio's this is *not* a harsh but a just and goodly world—and that Horatio himself will realize this, if tided safely over the hasty generous impulse to share his friend's, his liege's, death.

I believe, then, that the best work of art is, other things being equal, the simplest, the most sculpturesque, if you like; that one noble human character should be its central subject; that the mimic scene should represent the supreme crisis in the heroic life; that the protagonist should work out his doom, should "dree his own weird," under the operations—whether within or outside himself—of a just supreme law, a law which appeals to us, and even to him, as signally justified in this very catastrophe.

Among Shakespeare's great tragedies, "Othello" seems to me in form the most perfect, because each character and scene and line is subordinated to Othello's delusion, and to his vengeance. Of course, jealousy is in itself a most ignoble motive, but there is only nobility at the core of Othello's nature. Indeed, not merely of our terror, but even of our pity, his misery claims even a larger share than the innocent and lovely Desdemona. Surely we are purified from his fatal weakness, rather than tempted into it, as we listen. Indeed, much of our enjoyment in Titanic and heroic tragedy lies in our consciousness that this sin and this sorrow are upon a scale, an elevation as it were, that we need not fear we shall ever share. As a fragment from a lost Greek comedy finely puts it (Meineke Frag. Ed. Didot, p. 614):

The soul forgets her woes,
Led to oblivion by an alien grief.
With pleasure, and made wiser, we depart.
For each who sees a trouble, heavier far
Than he has suffered, fall on other men,
Lamenteth less his own calamity.

Perhaps "Macbeth" purges some men with equal effect from murderous ambition. Happily, however, this is a fault far rarer than jealousy. Those who already suffer from that paralysis of the will which many call the prevailing weakness of scholars will hardly be cured by any degree of familiarity with "Hamlet." At any rate, I feel—as any classical schoolmaster is bound, perhaps, to feel—that Shakespeare usually overcrowds his stage, over-complicates his *motif*, introduces too often underplots appealing to lighter sentiment or to mere love of fun, and that in general his drama is often too much like a great fragment of real life, rudely hewn away from the rest, and set down, unshaped and incomplete, before our eyes.

In fact, perhaps my meaning will be interpreted—rather unfairly—to be nearly this: that the ideal tragedy should be only about 1,353 verses in length; that all the resources of song and instrumentation, drapery and color, should be subordinated to a noble central figure very like Antigone; and, lastly, that possibly no vehicle of utterance will ever be so suitable for a love canzone as Italian, for a patriotic ballad as German, for lyrical tragedy as fifth-century Attic Greek!

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# Books and Authors

## The Facts of the Moral Life[1]

Even if Professor Wundt has failed to recognize the value of the most recent British and American works on Ethics, there can be no doubt of the value of his own work, two of the three volumes of which are now at hand, and, thanks to the translators, in excellent English form.

His object in the first volume is to establish ethics upon a sure foundation by the scientific empirical method of investigating the psychological facts upon which the moral life is based. For the discovery of ethical principles the road lies through ethnic psychology, whose field covers the history of primitive man and the history of civilization.

This method is illustrated by a study of the ethical vocabulary for light on the origin and development of ethical ideas—language being for psychology what the earth's strata are for geology. Here we learn that the germ idea of good and bad was the objective idea of a person, whose conduct his fellows approved or disapproved. The subsequent development of ethical phraseology shows a continuous "*inwardizing* and deepening" of ethical conceptions, an enhancement of the value set on disposition and character, and a growing esteem of characteristics other than those of a merely utilitarian sort.

The mooted question whether it is religious or ethical ideas that are aboriginal, and which are grounded in the other, has been confused by a lack of agreement as to what is properly called religious. Many writers have identified primitive mythology and religion, but, as Wundt says, only those elements of the myth deserve to be called religious which retain the religious character through all the differentiations of the later development. This character he finds only in the ideas and feelings which apprehend "an ideal existence," *i. e.*, an order of things that satisfies the highest conceptions of the mind. Now, the ideal world of the religious imagination in early times is by no means always ethical. But as soon as the thought arises of ideal moral exemplars of conduct, or of an ideal moral order of the universe, it always expresses itself religiously. Later on, this ethical conception acquires a basis independent of religion, when morality is set up in law and custom, and later still, when the idea of a universal moral order is purified by philosophic reflection. The conception of personal exemplars of morality is transmitted from the early mythologic times of gods and heroes to the religions of civilization, and in these acquires its most effective ethical form, especially in Christianity.

Here the conflict between external precept and internal duty, which could not be ended by the religious ethics of the nations, is reconciled. For Christianity, as Vinet has said, "is conscience raised to the highest exercise." Now, says Wundt, "religion and morality tend more and more to blend in an inseparable unity, but a unity that is purged of all ethically worthless elements." This is precisely what we are constantly affirming, that nothing is of religious value which is not of ethical value. The difference between religion and ethics is, as Professor Muirhead has said, in concurrence with Wundt, simply a difference in the point of view from which the same subject matter is regarded. The characteristic of the religious conscience is that it accepts the moral laws as divine commands.

But while religious motives have been requisite for the development of moral ideas, the question remains whether moral ideas can ultimately dispense with them. M. Guyau, in his "Non-Religion of the Future," contends that religion is to be superseded by sociology; *i. e.*, that motives drawn from the social life of man are to take the place of the love of God, which seems to him to be on the wane. This requires us to examine the social factors of morality. Wundt's study of "Custom and the Moral Life" and "The Conditions of Moral Evolution in Savagery and Civilization" runs into such wealth of detail that at times one can hardly see the wood on account of the trees. The conclusion is that two fundamental psy-

[1] *Ethics: An Investigation into the Facts and Laws of the Moral Life.* By Wilhelm Wundt, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Leipzig. Vol. I. Introduction: The Facts of the Moral Life. Translated (from the second German edition, 1892) by Julia Gulliver, Professor of Philosophy in Rockford College, and Edward Bradford Titchener, Sage Professor of Psychology in Cornell University. $2.25. Vol. II. Ethical Systems. Translated by Margaret Floy Washburn, Professor of Psychology and Ethics in Wells College. $1.75. The Macmillan Company, New York.



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chological motives have been constantly concerned in carrying on the whole social evolution thus far. These two are the feeling of reverence and the feeling of affection—or, as we prefer to say, of sympathy—the former relating to what is superhuman, the latter to the human. The former is the spring of the religious, the latter of the social, development. They interact in manifold ways, each helping or shaping the other, and the moral evolution can proceed from neither by itself alone. The distinguishing characteristic of Christianity is its humanistic spirit, which sets it apart from all other religions. The moral union effected by the modern State looks toward the larger union of humanity based on the common nature of man, but it is precisely this which is the social ideal of Christianity. This it is which justifies the claim of Christianity to be the universal religion, the faith of men who realize their unity in the thought of God.

Professor Wundt's discussion of the conditions of the moral evolution in civilized society is masterly. Viewed apart from its movement toward the goal of hope, the whole result of civilization at a given time may seem a dubious good. Anti-social activities flourish side by side with social. Along with means and motives to higher ethical perfection stronger temptations and aids to immorality are presented. More moral force is required now than ever before, and life, though easier in its details, has become more difficult of living; so much greater are the tasks it imposes. The dangers of civilization are to be escaped only by a further advance in civilization—that is to say, as Matthew Arnold expressed it, by a more thorough moralization.

Wundt's research arrives at these two psychological laws of the moral evolution: (1) "The law of the three stages," or of the successive differentiation and unification of moral ideas. The first stage, lacking moral incentive, is transcended through the influence of religious ideas. In the second stage morality begins variously to form itself in local laws and customs, and in the third, under changed religious ideas and the growing influence of philosophy, becomes universalized and broadly humanistic. (2) "The law of the heterogony of ends" is an expression of the commonly experienced fact that the effects of any purposed action include more than the original purpose, and generate new motives for further actions, in a continually extending transformation of effects into causes. Thus it is impossible from any point of outlook over the future to set bounds of thought to the course of events. The most that can be anticipated is a general outline of the immediate future. "Reality is always fuller and richer than theory."

The second volume is mostly devoted to epitomizing the history of ethical discussion and system-building from the time of Socrates until now. This has already been well enough done in Professor Sidgwick's "History of Ethics," but Professor Wundt gives a fuller account of the Continental schools. Concluding with a chapter of general criticism, Wundt finds the tendency now prevailing to be toward a "moderate altruistic utilitarianism," which puts "the essence of morality" in a harmonious balance between "benevolent" and "selfish instincts"—a statement which blurs the distinction between due self-regard, which Wundt justly calls one of the most difficult moral duties, and an always immoral selfishness. The future advance of ethical theory Wundt seems to anticipate in the line of "universal evolutionism," whose study of the motives and laws of the individual will shall point to a social will embodied in but transcending individual consciousness, and embracing the life-problems of individuals in its broader purposes. Such a forecast may seem to augur an ultimate return of ethics to its early home in theology.

The value of Professor Wundt's work is in its demonstration of the indissoluble bond between morality and religion. Its defect is in its account of "Christian Ethics" as including merely the patristic and mediæval writers, together with the Protestant Reformers, but not the teachings of Jesus. It is a false opposition in which Christian ethics thus delimited is set to modern ethics. Nor is it true to represent the former as interested in the world beyond the grave to the neglect of the present. Christian ethics, so far as its best modern expositors have based it on the teachings of its Master, views the two worlds as one and inseparable, and this world as the world it must regenerate. On this subject Wundt seems unacquainted with the best work of recent British and American writers. Great as our obligations are to Kant and Hegel, yet English writers were the pioneers in modern ethics, and it is to Anglo-American rather than to German sources

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that we still look for the most satisfactory of recent products.

The third volume, still in the hands of the translators, discusses "The Principles of Morality and the Sphere of their Validity."

## The Wisdom of Zarathustra[1]

This is not a work of light literature. Every sentence is difficult to understand, notwithstanding all the notes furnished by the translator and editors. Nevertheless, the religion of Zarathustra is worth the trouble of study. Its lofty morality stirs us, and its force upon Western religious thought is not yet spent. True, but few followers of Zarathustra remain. They are the so-called Parsis of India. Alexander and Mahomet exterminated from Iran most of Zarathustra's disciples. Yet his influence is still at work in covert, curious ways.

The reader will also be startled, in reading these pages, to find analogues and identities with the Jewish and Christian systems. This does not prove that the one borrowed from the other. In all cases they arose from the same source, call it, as you please, psychologic unity or one primitive revelation. Zarathustra faced the problem of good and evil. Most of the prophets of ethnic religions had decided that God is not entirely good. So it had happened in the history of the gods of India, Egypt, and Greece. China evaded the question by a practical atheism. Zarathustra declared that God is perfect in love, but imperfect in power.

Christ revealed the fact that the solution of the antinomy is in man's soul—where the mourner is blessed, where all pain becomes ecstasy, and evil is the permanent condition of spiritual development.

What Zarathustra declared to be going on in the invisible world, where always there is war in heaven, Christ taught must forever go on in each man's moral consciousness, because the kingdom of heaven is within, prior, in the order of existence, to its being without.

Our readers generally are aware of the conclusion at which John Stuart Mill arrived: If God be all-powerful, he is not all-benevolent; if he be all-benevolent, God is not omnipotent. This was the conclusion of Zarathustra, and it is the logical basis of all dualistic religions. Brahminism, like modern "Christian Science," disposed of the problem of evil by declaring evil to belong to the life which is not reality but a dream. Against this theory the Persian religion is in array.

There was a time when the prophets of the Jews declared that the religion of Jehovah and of Ahura-Mazda were substantially the same.

There can be no doubt that Mazdeism entered into the theology of not only the Gnostic heretics, but also of as orthodox a writer as St. Augustine. Undoubtedly the Albigensians, the Cathari, and some more obscure sects of the early and middle ages derived their theology from the religion of Persia.

In tracing back to its origin the genesis of Milton's Satan we come on the roadway to the Zend-Avesta. The Avesta was written at different ages and by different hands, but it may be believed that the earlier *gathas* or songs represent substantially the position of Zarathustra. This we say, although Professor Darmesteter intimates that Zarathustra is not a historical personage. That theory is no longer received.

In the first *gatha* the situation is plain: The prophet is called to decide between two religious theories then in vogue, dualism and monism. He decides in favor of the former, and the Avesta, so far as we have it, describes the development of that religious idea.

In reality this is but a small section of the primitive sacred scriptures of Mazdeism. The rest has been lost, probably at the time of the conquest of Alexander.

What we have is in reality a liturgical work—a volume of hymns, litanies, prayers, and sacrificial formulæ. In effect the work is more useful as a means of revealing the religion of Mazdeism than as a work of systematic theology. The book of worship of any people may be accepted as an evidence of what was at one period actually believed.

The English version of Darmesteter's translation of the Avesta is not reckoned so good as the French, but the French version published in the annals of the Musée Guimet is difficult to procure and is costly and voluminous. With this we are content. It serves all our practical purposes, except that it needs further explanatory notes.

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A dispatch from London says that Mark Twain, answering a request that he deliver a lecture at Newport, Monmouthshire, writes that he has decided to abandon lecturing.

[1] *The Zend-Avesta*. Translated by James Darmesteter. Part I. The Vendîdâd. Part II. The Sîrôzahs, Yasts, and Nyâyis. 1 Vol. Third volume of the Sacred Books of the East. The Christian Literature Company, New York. $3.

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## Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending September 9. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

*America's Foreign Policy*, by Theodore Salisbury Woolsey, is a collection of exceptionally vigorous essays and addresses by the Professor of International Law in Yale Law School upon the pressing public questions within the field of his special study. Among the subjects discussed are the Nicaragua Canal, our attitude towards Hawaii and Spain, and the proposed change of National policy from that prescribed by Washington and Jefferson to that imposed by membership in the international concert of powers. We reserve the volume for further notice. (The Century Company, New York.)

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have now carried the new edition of George Meredith's works through *The Adventures of Harry Richmond* and *Beauchamp's Career;* two stories which all true Meredithians regard as among the most characteristic works of the novelist, but which lovers of fiction for its own sake do not find as attractive as "Diana" or "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel."

The latest published volume of the "Stories by Foreign Authors" series includes *Polish, Greek, Belgian, and Hungarian Stories*. It seems to us quite the best of the series so far published. The authors represented are Sienkiewicz, Bikélas, Maeterlinck, Lemonnier, and Jókai. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The latest volume in "The Modern Reader's Bible" contains the writings ascribed to St. John, *The Gospel, Epistles, and Revelation*, with the usual introduction and notes by Professor Moulton. These writings, Professor Moulton declares, are the storm-centers of modern controversy. Of that controversy, however, "The Modern Reader's Bible" takes no account; it deals with these writings simply from the standpoint of literature. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

*The Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ*, by Edmond Stapfer (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is the last of three volumes, of which the two predecessors are "Jesus Christ Before His Ministry" and "Jesus Christ During His Ministry." The three volumes constitute together a study in the life of Christ; it is constructive rather than critical, and aims to give rather a portraiture of the life than either a discussion of doubtful questions or a criticism on the Gospel narrative. This purpose is well accomplished. Like Stalker's "Life of Christ" in this respect, it is much fuller and more complete in its treatment. As compared with Farrar, Geikie, or Edersheim, it contains, relatively speaking, no information from Greek or Jewish sources, but for this very reason does not deflect the reader's attention from the direct narrative. For a simple but carefully studied account of the events we know of no better book than this. But it is simply this—nothing more.

*Lights and Shadows of American Life*, by the Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., is a collection of thirteen short sermons, plain and simple talks, on Our Homes, Our Breadwinners, Our Money-Makers, etc., not free from rigorism or from superficiality, but, on the whole, a good specimen of light literature in a serious vein, with useful suggestions. From the same publishers we have *Missions and Politics in Asia*, by Robert E. Speer, short "studies of the spirit of the Eastern peoples, the present making of history in Asia, and the part therein of Christian Missions"—a handy and useful book for the general reader who desires to look beneath the surface of the Eastern question or questions. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

*The Acts of the Apostles, with Notes Critical and Practical*, by the Rev. M. F. Sadler. We have already noticed the preceding volumes of this commentary as written from the sacerdotal high-churchman's point of view. The strain this puts on the exegete is illustrated by the note on Acts xiii, 2, "As they *ministered* to the Lord and fasted," viz.: "I have not the slightest doubt but that there is here meant the offering up to God of a Christian λειτουργία, or Liturgy, which was always an Eucharistic or Communion office." If so, then in Romans xv., 16, Paul's saying that he was "a *minister* of Jesus Christ" describes him as a celebrant of the eucharistic office! (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

It is admitted that there are objections to the theory of organic evolution, as there are to the theory of gravitation. To present these objections is the aim of *Organic Evolution Considered*, by Professor Fairhurst, of Kentucky University, who has marshaled them in formidable show. It appears as if the author thought that it is, on the whole, advisable for theists to reject the theory he

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combats. He holds that at least half a dozen "fiats were necessary in creation." To obviate any conflict between Genesis and Geology he is obliged to fall back on the now discredited assumption that by the "days" of Genesis were meant indefinite periods. (The Christian Publishing Company, St. Louis.)

*Letters to His Son on Religion*, by Roundell, First Earl of Selborne, is not the sort of book by which we should expect to make religion interesting to a modern young person, though it is the sort of book that was highly esteemed long ago. It is written in a theological rather than a practical vein, and so far as theological is rather out of date. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

There reach us simultaneously a new edition of the Rev. James Paton's *The Story of John G. Paton*, which is now, the title-page tells us, in its fifteen-thousandth edition (Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York), and the third part of the edition of Mr. Paton's *Autobiography* (The F. H. Revell Company, New York). The latter brings the record of Mr. Paton's life down to the present year. The appearance of the two books at the same time is only one indication of the well-known fact that the heroic life of this missionary and his adventures among the South Sea cannibals make a more fascinating tale than can be found in most works of fiction. The deep feeling for humanity, the perfect simplicity of character, and the boundless enthusiasm in missionary work were united in Mr. Paton.

To the increasingly large number of excellent editions of "Standard Authors" for school and college use must be added Mr. W. H. Hudson's version of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield;* it is cleverly illustrated (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston); Professor D. C. Tovey's *Gray's English Poems*, with comments and notes which at first sight seem almost ludicrously disproportionate in length to the poems themselves, but which, nevertheless, contain some extremely interesting information, especially about Gray's knowledge of the Norse and Welsh poems (The Macmillan Company, New York); and (in the Athenæum Press series) a volume of *Select Poems of Shelley*, edited, with introduction and notes, by Professor W. J. Alexander, of the University College, Toronto (Ginn & Co., New York).

The distant approach of the holiday season is heralded by the publication this week of several books for children. The name of Ruth Ogden is pleasantly familiar to young readers as that of the author of "The Little Queen of Hearts," and other stories. *His Little Royal Highness* is in a vein with which this writer has made us familiar, and is well calculated to interest and amuse young children. It is prettily illustrated. Still younger children will like the pictures, at least, in Mrs. W. Chance's *A Book of Cats*. Mrs. Chance has made a special study of the household pet, and her drawings admirably bring out familiar characteristics and amusing attitudes. The text is not particularly designed for young children, but contains some out-of-the-way information about cats. Both these books are published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (New York). Two stories for older children come from the Pilgrim Press (Boston). *A Frontier Hero*, by I. T. Thurston, and *The Gap in the Fence*, by Harriet L. Jerome, are well suited for Sunday-school libraries. Both illustrate the great advance in common-sense methods and in freedom from cant which Sunday-school literature has made within the last decade or two. There is nothing uncomfortable or morbid about either of these books, and each has the story-telling power in a considerable degree.

## Literary Notes

—There is to be a biography of the late Earl of Lytton, one of his daughters being its author.

—A bust of Alphonse Daudet is to be erected in the principal square of the town of Tarascon.

—A volume of "New Letters of Walter Savage Landor, Private and Public," is announced in London,

—Miss Helen Hay, elder daughter of the new Secretary of State, is about to publish a volume of poems in London.

—A Boston publisher states that his sales this summer have been a hundred per cent. better than those of a year ago.

—Mr. Whistler is said to be engaged on a new book, that is to be on the lines of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

—The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, the English writer, is credited with the authorship of more books in the British Museum Catalogue than any other living writer.

—Mr. W. T. Stead is editing a new series to be entitled "The Russian Library," which Mr. Grant Richards is to begin early

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in September with M. Pobyedonotseff's "Reflections of a Russian Statesman."

—"Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century" is the title of the new volume of "The Book-lover's Library."

—The London "Academy" says: "We are very sorry to hear but indifferent accounts of the health of Dr. George Macdonald."

—The Hon. Hannis Taylor, late American Minister to Spain, has completed the second volume of his work on "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution," and it is announced for immediate publication.

—Octave Thanet (Miss Alice French), who has been writing some short stories based on labor problems for "Scribner's Magazine," has included a number of these tales in a volume called "The Heart of Toil," which will soon appear from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.

—Dr. Caird, late of Glasgow University, whose death was reported in The Outlook recently, left a considerable quantity of manuscripts, which are being prepared for the press by his brother, the Master of Balliol College. These manuscripts include addresses which were delivered annually to the University of Glasgow.

—Mr. Collingwood's life of his uncle, "Lewis Carroll," will contain (the "Athenæum" tells us) considerable extracts from a highly characteristic diary, including a record of a Russian tour with Canon Liddon. Among Lewis Carroll's effects were three albums filled with photographs taken by himself. They include hitherto unpublished portraits of Mr. Ruskin, Tennyson, Lord Salisbury and his children, the Rossettis, the Duke of Albany, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. George Macdonald, etc.

—The "Literary World" comments as follows on the recent sale of Brontë relics in London: "There has been an auction sale of Brontë relics in London—shabby hassocks, water-color sketches, toilette articles, bureau 'fixings,' and the like—but the worshipers were few and the prices low, and for many things there were no bids at all. It was all over in a little while. . . . The shame and sorrow of it is that such mementos of such women should be put up for sale at all. If it had been done in the United States, what a castigation should we have received from England! On the whole, we judge that delicacy is about evenly distributed."

## Books Received

*For the week ending September 16*

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Brewster, Frances Stanton, and Emma A. Thomas. Song Stories and Songs for Children. 60 cts.

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, NEW YORK

Moule, H. C. G., D.D. Colossian Studies. $1.75.

A. S. BARNES & CO., NEW YORK

Baskervill, W. M. Anglo-Saxon Prose Reader. $1.20.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

Hosanna. Edited by A. T. Schauffler. 30 cts.

J. GORDON COOGLER, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Purely Original Verse. $1.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Yechton, Barbara. A Lovable Crank. $1.50.
Perry, Walter Copland. The Women of Homer. $2.50.
Krout, Mary H. Hawaii and a Revolution. $2.
Forbes, Archibald. The Life of Napoleon the Third. $3.50.
Canton, William. The Invisible Playmate and W. V. Her Book. $1.50.
Farmer, James Eugene. The Grenadier. $1.25.
Robertson, Alexander, D.D. The Bible of St. Mark. $3.50.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

Nelson, Kathleen Gray. Tuen, Slave and Empress. $1.25.
Brooks, Elbridge S. The Master of the Strong Hearts. $1.50.
Hepworth, George H. Through Armenia on Horseback. $2.

GINN & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Cowper, William, Selections from the Poetical Works of. Introduction and Notes by James O. Murray (The Athenæum Press Series.) $1.10.
Gage, Alfred Payson. The Elements of Physics. (Revised Edition.) $1.20.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Colquhoun, Archibald R. China in Transformation.
Fuller, Henry H. The Art of Memory.
The Golfer's Alphabet. Rhymes by W. G. Van T. Sutphen. Illustrations by A. B. Frost.
Thorpe, Francis Newton. A Constitutional History of the American People—1776-1850. In Two Volumes. Price per volume, $2.50.
Hogan, Louise E. A Study of a Child. $2.50.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Edgerton, James Arthur. Voices of the Morning.
The Legal Revolution of 1892. By a Law-Abiding Revolutionist. $1.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON, MASS.

Tomlinson, Everett T. The Boys with Old Hickory. (War of 1812 Series.) $1.50.
Foss, Sam Walter. Songs of War and Peace. $1.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Lyall, Edna. Hope the Hermit. $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Kidd, Benjamin. The Control of the Tropics. 75 cts.
McCarthy, Justin. The Story of Gladstone's Life. (Second Edition, Revised.)

J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Sienkiewicz, Henryk. The Fate of a Soldier.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW YORK

The Holy Bible. Revised Version, with References. $1.25.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Moses, Bernard. Spanish Rule in America. $1 25.
Mivart, St. George. The Groundwork of Science. $1.75.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Clarke, Annie. Light Amid the Shadows. 50 cts.

ROYCROFT SHOP, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Hand and Brain: A Symposium of Essays on Socialism, by William Morris and others.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Chapman, John Jay. Causes and Consequences. $1.25.
White, Mary. The Book of Games. $1.25.
Kuyper, Abraham, D.D. Encyclopedia of Sacred Theology. $4.
Hibben, John Grier. The Problems of Philosophy. $1.

UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, BOSTON, MASS.

Sheldon, Charles M. The Redemption of Freetown. 25 cts.
Dickinson, Charles Albert. The Indwelling God. 25 cts.
Butts, Mary F. A Fence of Trust. 25 cts.
Cuyler, Theodore L. Well-Built. 25 cts.
Wells, Amos R. Little Sermons for One. 25 cts.
Citizens in Training. 25 cts.
Eighty Pleasant Evenings. Compiled by the Press Committee of the Deems Memorial Christian Endeavor Society of Immanuel Church. 25 cts.
Chapman, J. Wilbur, and Others, Answered. 25 cts.

WILLIAMS & WILKENS CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Coale, Isaac, Jr. The Sambo Book.

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# The Religious World

### The Churches and the Czar's Message

We have seen in the "British Weekly" a suggestion which we wish most heartily to second, viz., that the Christian pulpits of the world ought at once and with great unanimity to help to influence public opinion in the direction of a hearty approval of the message of the Czar favoring international disarmament. The influence of the churches on public affairs, when they move together, can hardly be exaggerated. The fact that the Christian pulpit after Mr. Cleveland's Venezuela message turned the tide of popular feeling into a better channel would hardly be disputed by any one familiar with the facts. If the pulpits of the United States would at once give such attention and commendation to this remarkable document as our contemporary recommends in Great Britain, public opinion would quickly make itself felt in well-nigh unanimous approval.

### The Religious Outlook in Hawaii

The thirty-fifth annual report of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association is very interesting reading. It gives a bird's-eye view of the religious forces at work in the new possessions of our Republic. The first noticeable fact in connection with this Association is that it is composed of at least two denominations, viz., Congregational and Presbyterian. The next fact is that, after the first mention of the names, there is nothing further to distinguish one denomination from another. Another fact of interest is that the body is composed about equally of foreigners and natives. The activities are divided as follows: "Church Work Among the Natives;" "School Work Among the Natives;" "Work Among the Chinese;" "Work Among the Japanese;" "Work Among the Portuguese;" "Work in English;" "Foreign Department." The story of the work among the Chinese, under the leadership of Mr. F. H. Damon and his accomplished wife, is one of the most interesting and instructive in current missionary history. Their gracious and beautiful home is the center of the enterprise to which they have both given their best energies. The work among the Japanese is regarded as conspicuously important because the Japanese are the only class of foreigners who have political ambitions. The Chinese are content to make money, but the Japanese want a hand in the government. They must, therefore, be educated. The foreign mission work of Hawaii is on islands more remote. Their missionaries are already on the Marshall Islands, the Gilbert Islands, and on the Marquesas and other islands, and their heroism and devotion are unsurpassed. The chief church at Honolulu is the noble Union Church, whose edifice would be an ornament to any American city. Until recently the pastor of this church has been the Rev. D. P. Birnie, who has now resigned. He has just been succeeded by the Rev. William Kincaid, who, after an honorable ministry in this country, and in Canada we believe, has accepted his call to Honolulu.

### A Curious Controversy in English Methodism

We use the word Methodism instead of Wesleyanism simply because Wesleyanism in England is practically synonymous with Methodism in the United States. The Rev. J. Agar Beet, D.D., is perhaps the most distinguished Biblical scholar in the denomination. He is not only a man of erudition, but of eminent piety, and justly honored among his brethren. Dr. Beet has recently published a book on "The Last Things," in which he teaches the doctrine of conditional immortality. Dr. Beet's position may be inferred from the following extract from an article of his in the "Expository Times." He says: "I readily admit that the advocates of what they call 'conditional immortality' have done good service by exposing the baselessness of the popular doctrine of the intrinsic and endless permanence of the human soul. They have also done good service by demanding a reconsideration of the whole matter; and by protesting against a theory long dominant in the Christian pulpit, which, as I believe, goes far beyond the teaching of Holy Scripture." The position of Dr. Beet, as we understand it, is essentially that of the late Drs. R. W. Dale and Edward White in England and many eminent teachers in the United States, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Beecher. The Wesleyan Conference in England has called Dr. Beet to task, and, as a result, he has promised not to publish any more editions of his book, and not to teach to his students his views con-



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cerning conditional immortality and future punishment. The case is exciting great interest among the Free Churches of England. We do not presume, with our present light, to criticise the attitude of Dr. Beet, but we cannot now understand how he could ever have promised to publish no more editions of his book and to refrain from teaching doctrines which he regards as so important. The world is wide, and if he could not have done so in his present ecclesiastical relations, it would not have been difficult for him to have made others, and not impossible for him to have stood alone if there were need.

### The Kumi-ai Creed

A widely circulated statement, originating with the late Bishop Bickersteth, of Japan, that the creed of the Kumi-ai (Congregational) churches of that country had discarded the divinity of Christ, is corrected by the Rev. J. D. Davis, D.D., in a communication to the "Independent." Dr. Davis exposes the error by exhibiting the creed, viz.:

We believe in one infinite and perfect God, who is revealed in the Bible as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

We believe in Jesus Christ, who, being God, became man, and for the sake of saving a world of sinners endured agony, died, and rose again.

We believe in the Holy Spirit, the giver of new life.

We believe in the Bible, which was given by inspiration of God, and which makes us wise unto salvation.

We believe in the holy Church, baptism by water, the Holy Supper, the Lord's holy Day, the everlasting life, the resurrection of the dead, and righteous rewards and punishments.

This was adopted with but two negative votes, cast by conservatives who would have preferred a fuller creed had one been brought forward.

### Religious Condition of Syria and Palestine

Professor Samuel Ives Curtiss, D.D., of Chicago Theological Seminary, has an illuminating article on the subject of this paragraph in a recent number of the "Independent." According to the observations of Professor Curtiss, the French and Russians are establishing religious institutions in these countries for political purposes. The French work through the Maronite or French Catholic Church. They are utilizing all the means which have made Protestant missions so successful, not so much from religious motives as to strengthen the power of France in these regions. On the other hand, Russia has stretched a line of hospices from one end of the land to the other, and these are open to travelers for a nominal sum. They are operated by the Greek Church, which has also established many schools where instruction is given in Russian. The purpose of what is being done there by Russian workers is beyond a doubt the strengthening of the political influence of Russia. Under such circumstances it is evident that the Protestants are laboring against great odds, but their success is by no means small. Professor Curtiss speaks of the Conference of Christian Workers which was recently held at Brummana, near Beirût, and which was attended by one hundred and sixty-six delegates—all enthusiastic workers for the kingdom of God. The two chief Protestant missionary forces there are the Church of England and the Presbyterians, although other denominations are doing good service, and perfect harmony among the workers seems to prevail. All classes of people are reached by the Gospel. In the two countries there are now 4,700 native Protestant church members. In the various schools of the missions there are 16,521 scholars enrolled, and many more whose names do not appear. Medical missions and industrial education have proved very efficient helps in evangelization. A new form of Christian service is that undertaken by Dr. Theophilus Waldemeier in behalf of the insane, "who are bound in chains to rocks and put in caves." Not only because of the ambition of France and Russia, but also by reason of the Zionist movement among the Jews, Syria and Palestine are just now conspicuously before the world. It is reassuring to receive from so competent an observer as Professor Curtiss so encouraging a report concerning the religious outlook in these countries.

### Dr. Thomas at the City Temple

The Rev. Reuen Thomas, D.D., of Brookline, Mass., who came from London to his present church, for several summers has supplied the pulpit of the City Temple of London, of which the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., is the pastor. Dr. Thomas this summer has preached a series of sermons on "The Christianizing of the Home," which have drawn crowded congregations. The City Temple always has large numbers of young people in its congregations, and Dr. Thomas's sermons, in which he discouraged early marriages and uplifted a high and noble ideal of home life,

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has kept them up even in a hot summer. Perhaps the keynote of his thought is in these words: "We have been occupied with individuals, and have forgotten families." "We have been careless of God's order of home life, and have established one of our own."

### Missionaries and the Foreign Population

By "foreign population" we mean those foreign to the land in which the missionary labors. What should be the attitude of the missionary toward people from so-called Christian lands? This is a very important inquiry, since the influence of the missionary on the native is largely dependent upon the character of the foreign population—if there be any. We have just received "An Open Letter to the English-Speaking People" of Chihuahua, Mexico, addressed to them by the Rev. James D. Eaton, D.D., missionary of the American Board in that city, which shows that Mr. Eaton realizes that he has a duty to Americans and English as well as to Mexicans. The letter is a dignified and manly appeal to those who at home have been trained in Christian ways to co-operate with Christians in the land in which they are temporarily sojourning. We refer to this subject because we have been informed that sometimes missionaries have been instructed to devote their entire attention to the natives. Often the spiritual destitution of the foreigner is greater, and if he is overlooked the natives cannot be reached. The example of Dr. Eaton should be followed in all mission stations where there is a resident foreign population.

### An Educational Crusade

There were held during the first two weeks of September a series of meetings in some of the cities of North Carolina and South Carolina which have a special interest for every one who is concerned with the welfare of the negro race in this country, and the work which is being done for the elevation of that race. At the suggestion of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of New York, and Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Agent of the John F. Slater Fund Board of Trustees, Mr. Booker T. Washington and Mrs. Washington have arranged to give as much time during the next two years as they can, consistent with the management of the Institute at Tuskegee, to an extended trip through the entire South, addressing the negro men and women in the cities. No such work as this has ever been attempted on anything so large a scale. The attempt will be made to arouse the negro to a consideration of his moral, physical, and industrial condition, point out what most needs to be done, and some ways for remedying existing evils. A further effort will be made to leave in every city some nucleus of helpful effort towards reform. At least three meetings, widely announced beforehand, will be held in each city visited. Mr. Washington first addresses a mass-meeting of both sexes and all conditions of people. The experience at the meetings already held has been that his reputation and ability are going to draw to the gatherings large numbers of white people, along with the blacks. On the day following the mass-meeting Mrs. Washington addresses a meeting of women only, and Mr. Washington a meeting of teachers and ministers, to whom he brings home forcibly their duties in this work, and shows them how they can and should carry it on for themselves. It will surprise many people to learn that in not a few of the cities of the South the death-rate among the negroes is twice as great as among the whites in the same places; but Mr. Washington has prepared himself for this work with figures which cannot be denied. The mortality among children in certain cases is still greater. The figures are sufficiently serious to arrest the attention of every one. The first meetings were held September 4 and 5 in Greensboro', North Carolina. Greensboro' is a city of about twelve thousand population, an important railroad center on the main line of the Southern Railroad. The mass-meeting was held at the Agricultural and Mechanical College, a State school for colored people. Mrs. Washington spoke in one of the churches, and the teachers' meeting was held at Bennett College. The other meetings of this series were held at Wilmington, N. C., Columbia, S. C., and Charleston, S. C. Others will be held later after the opening of the school year at Tuskegee, of which this may very reasonably be reckoned a University Extension movement.

### The Church and the Prisoners

The really astonishing success which Mrs. Ballington Booth has had in dealing with prisoners, in inspiring them with nobler ideals and in giving them courage and hope, ought to lead the Church at large to consider with more care its duty to those who are in prison. If an organization outside the Church, like

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the Volunteers, can achieve so much, the Church itself ought to accomplish vastly more. That it does not is due rather to lack of knowledge and a consciousness of responsibility than to lack of will. The problem is a difficult one and requires careful study, but every church has in its membership those who could approach the subject intelligently if they would give it proper attention. There is no better way to use the mid-week service than now and then to devote it to a consideration of such subjects as "The Crimes Common in Places in which We Live," "The Condition of Prisoners," "The Age, Nationality, and Sex of Prisoners," "What is Done for the Promotion of their Moral and Spiritual Life," "The Newer Methods in Prison Management, as Illustrated at Elmira, N. Y., and Concord, Mass." A consideration of such subjects would bring the Christian community and the inmates of the prisons into nearer and more helpful relations. These thoughts are suggested by the fact that the Massachusetts Prison Association is sending out its usual pamphlet in aid of the better observance of Prison Sunday. This Association is composed of many eminent men and women of the Bay State, and the work in which they are engaged is of vital importance to all the churches. Their example should be followed in every State in the Union.

### Foreign Missions at Home

The sometimes far-reaching influence of city missionary work is strikingly shown by Louise Seymour Houghton in a recent article in the "Independent." A poor Italian cooper in desperate straits for lack of work in New York was induced to go to one of the few Protestant Italian pastors, who succeeded in getting him a place. The connection with the mission church thus formed resulted in his conversion, after which he sent a New Testament to his sister in Italy, with the request to read it to his illiterate parents. Returning home after some years with his savings, he found that the whole family had been converted by reading it. He then procured the visits of a Protestant pastor to his village, when persecution ensued, but the work prospered in spite of grievous trials, and the Waldensian Evangelization Committee took it up. The result is that a church of well-seasoned and well-taught Bible Christians is now about to be established in that village. Mrs. Houghton pertinently remarks that the various poor foreigners who are here for a few years' residence may become on their return our most effective and inexpensive missionaries to their people, if the "down-town" and mission work in our great cities is adequately sustained.

### The New President of Newton Seminary

The Trustees of Newton Theological Seminary (Baptist) have elected as the President of that institution, in succession to the Rev. Alvah Hovey, D.D., the Rev. Nathan E. Wood, D.D., pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston. Dr. Hovey has occupied the position for many years with credit to himself and honor to his denomination. His successor, Dr. Wood, is forty-nine years of age, and a graduate of Chicago University of the class of 1872, and of Rochester University in the class of 1875. His pastorates have been with the Centennial and Memorial Churches, Chicago; the Strong Place Church, Brooklyn; the church in Brookline, Mass., and last of all in Boston. Dr. Wood, both as a preacher and a writer, is regarded as one of the strongest men in the denomination. At the time of our writing his answer to the invitation is not announced, but the desire that he should accept is widespread and strong.

### Notes

The Diocese of Iowa has just chosen as its Bishop the Rev. Thomas E. Green, Jr. Mr. Green was originally a Presbyterian. As late as 1885 he was a minister in that denomination in Chicago. He has been very successful in his work, and is described as a man of much enthusiasm and industry. It was supposed at one time that the choice for Bishop would fall upon the Rev. Dr. Edsall, of St. Peter's Church in Chicago, whose remarkable work in his parish has attracted wide attention.

A correspondent writes: "Under the leadership of the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., of Philadelphia, the fourth annual Conference for Bible Study was held at Winona Lake, Ind., August 14–23, 1898. The attendance was nearly double that of last year, two thousand people in all having been present, five hundred of whom were ministers. The programme was as strong and spiritual as any outside of Northfield, Mass. Outline Bible studies and topics dealing with the deepening of the spiritual life were presented, and many conferences on Christian work were conducted. The principal speakers were: The Revs. Dr. George W. Moorehead, Xenia, O.; Dr. George T. Purves, Princeton, N. J.; Ford C. Ottman, Newark, N. J.; Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Philadelphia; G. Campbell Morgan, London, England, and Mr. Augustus Nash, Lincoln, Neb. Conferences were conducted by Miss Annie Harlow, of Philadelphia, on primary work, and by John Willis Baer and William Shaw, of Boston, on Endeavor work."

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# Correspondence

### Victor Hugo on Cuba

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

I have just come across a letter by Victor Hugo dated November 24, 1867. It may possibly interest your readers to know how our greatest writer felt on the question of Cuba:

Hauteville House, November 24, 1867.

*To the Revolutionary Committee of Porto Rico:*

The Republic of Porto Rico has defended its liberty bravely. The Committee has given me this information, and I thank the gentlemen warmly. Spain must leave America! Such is the great aim; it is the grand duty for the Americans.

Cuba free, like San Domingo! I can only praise all this powerful effort.

The liberty of the world will be due only to the liberty of each nation. VICTOR HUGO.

A. L.

### Another Union of Ministers

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In connection with your paragraph "A Union of Ministers of all Denominations" in your issue of September 10, it may be of interest to know that a similar association has been in existence in this city (Salem, Mass.) for five years. It was organized through the efforts of the late venerable and beloved Rev. E. B. Willson, pastor of the North Unitarian Church, and includes Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Unitarian, Universalist, New Jerusalem, and Congregational pastors. The meetings are held quarterly, and the discussions, which have covered a variety of topics, have been both spirited and harmonious. Its influence has been a broadening and, on the whole, uniting force. The organization is very simple, consisting only of a Business Committee and Secretary, elected annually. The members serve as Chairman in order of seniority of ordination. Ministers from surrounding towns are included in the membership. Catholics are invited, and have been represented on one occasion.

JOHN W. BUCKHAM, Secretary.

Salem, Mass.

### The Mount Meigs School

*To the Readers of The Outlook:*

Two years ago an appeal was made through The Outlook in behalf of the People's Village School for funds to buy stoves, and I thank you very much for your kind and hearty response. We succeeded in getting the stoves needed for our new school-house, and some stanch friends for our work, too.

This school, started five years ago on one of the old Southern plantations, at Mount Meigs Village, Montgomery County, is situated near the central part of Alabama, within a half-mile of Scotia Station, on the Georgia and Alabama Railroad, and three miles from the Mount Meigs Station, on the Western Railroad.

The plantation negroes in this part of Alabama are taking every advantage of the school brought to their doors, so the work has grown much faster than had been dreamed of at first, and our needs have kept pace with it. The yearly expense is something over a thousand dollars now; four teachers, including the principal, have been engaged in this work since the first year, and over six hundred young men, women, and children have been gathered in from the different plantations during that time. The colored people themselves have paid, in five years, over two thousand dollars on building and running expenses of the school.

The old debt of one thousand dollars, incurred for the building, is still hanging over us, and is a great worry. The people have had so many failures, for the last three years, in their cotton crops, that we have had only enough money, outside the tuition fees, to pay interest on part of this money. If the crops sell for anything this fall, we expect to reduce our debt, a little anyway.

We have tried for the last year to get a large bell for the school, something very much needed, not only to have our children on time for school, but to help the whole community. But the most urgent need at present is an additional room to our teachers' home, by the first of October, in order to accommodate another teacher, made necessary by the increasing duties of the principal. The special work of this new teacher will be the housekeeping, and at odd times she will assist in the class-room.

Our Trustee Board, including Mr. B. T. Washington, was incorporated, under the laws of the State of Alabama, two years ago, and this year we have organized an Advisory Board. We were fortunate in securing the services of Dr. George B. Eager, pastor of



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the First Baptist Church (white) of Montgomery, on this Board. Any of our friends who would like to know further about this work could write directly to Dr. Eager, of Montgomery, Ala., or Dr. H. B. Frissell, of Hampton Institute, Va.

Any amount of money will be thankfully received, and may be sent to F. D. Banks, our Treasurer, at Hampton Institute, Va., or directly to

GEORGIA WASHINGTON,
Principal of People's Village School.
Mount Meigs, Ala.

### The Negro Here and in Cuba

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In your issue for September 10 there is an article from the pen of Booker T. Washington in which he advocates that negro young men and women be brought from Cuba to this country and educated at Tuskegee and Hampton.

Now, Mr. Washington has been and is doing a noble work, but I do not agree with the idea set forth in this article, and sincerely hope that some strong journal such as yours will oppose it. I believe, with Mr. Washington, that we owe it to these people to educate them, but in order to do so it is not necessary to bring them to the South, where there is a civilization in which the ideas of a past long since dead are perpetuated, where there is a caste prejudice irrational and most un-Christianlike, and where negro men, educated or uneducated, are considered as inferiors, and negro women as toys and playthings.

What the world needs at the present day is manhood and womanhood. In Cuba and Porto Rico there is little, if any, caste prejudice. There young men and women feel that they are men and women, but if you brought them to the South to educate them they would be made to feel that they were less. To know how true this is you have only to make observation of the facts which are exposed to your view upon every hand. No longer than the other day, I was walking with an intelligent negro clergyman who has spent twelve of the best years of his life laboring in the South among his people. His children are now growing up, and the idea of rearing them amid the environment such as they must have in the South grows daily more repugnant to him. He wishes to rear them where they can have the best educational advantages, and where they can have born within them the consciousness that they have the possibility of becoming men and women in the truest and noblest sense of the word. He knows that this cannot be done in the South, where a paymaster in the National army, the representative of a people who have fought bravely for the honor of the Nation upon more than one battle-field, was recently grossly insulted by Southern gentlemen soldiers, for no other reason than that he was a negro. Hence he is thinking of moving his home away from there to the North or the West. His case is not an isolated one, but there are thousands like him.

If we would educate the negroes of Cuba and Porto Rico, let us establish schools in their own land; but, for love of humanity, do not bring them to this country, where millions are suffering under the sting of a caste prejudice the equal of which the world has perhaps never seen.

T. EDWARD OWENS.
Young Men's Institute, Asheville, N. C.

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### Direct Primaries

*To the Editors of The Outlook:*

Your issue of a few weeks ago contained a letter giving the dark side of direct primaries as at present held in the city of Cleveland, Ohio. The letter referred to closed by saying that much can be said in theory but little in practice of the nominations of candidates for public office by direct vote. The implication is that the experience in Cleveland is a criterion of what would exist wherever nominations by direct vote were made; but before accepting that conclusion let those interested in this question know the facts.

The Cleveland method is simply the old regulation and discredited primary, with all its attending evils, with the exception that the ballots contain the names of candidates for the nominations instead of delegates to conventions, and are printed and furnished by the Board of Elections, which body also appoints clerks to receive the ballots and count them.

While these are very good requirements, they are but incidentals compared to two other features which must be secured before nominations by direct vote can by any possibility produce good results.

First: A provision must be adopted which will secure the support and participation of practically all the voters. Primaries and caucuses never have and apparently never will do this, no matter what ballot is or is not used. This fact is so self-evident that

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any attempt to perpetuate caucuses or primaries means a waste of time. Annual registration days are known to call out more voters than the election day. Obviously, no better time could be secured than this for the purpose of nominating candidates, as all voters could then participate. In Cleveland, candidates are not voted for on registration days, but at such time as the party dictates, with the natural result that the attendance at the caucuses is very light, those attending being principally office-seekers, office-holders, and their friends. In New York State the present primary law provides for an enrollment of voters to their respective parties which prevents an adherent of one party voting the ticket of another. In Cleveland there is no enrollment, any man presenting himself being allowed (contrary to law) to vote, and it is customary to bring Democrats to Republican caucuses to decide factional fights.

Second: A law governing direct vote primaries should be mandatory, not optional. In Cleveland it is optional, Republicans having adopted it, the Democrats confining themselves to the old convention method. Should the law be mandatory, all parties would be upon the same plane, with the same *modus operandi*, which in time would become familiar to all citizens.

F. M. BROOKS.

New York.

## Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

You say you believe the resurrection from the dead of Jesus Christ to be the best-attested fact in history; this is to me a most welcome confirmation of my own faith; but my difficulty is just here: Christ became "the first-fruits of them that slept," and the orthodox Church believes that our resurrection will be like his, and the Gospels tell us that his soul and body were reunited, and ascended to heaven together; consequently the orthodox Church believes in the resurrection of the body. But "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God," neither is there any room for material things in a purely spiritual condition. But what became of the Saviour's body? Did he die the second time as a man? If not, but if we believe the Gospel account of the resurrection and ascension, it seems to me that a special "intervention" must have occurred in his case, and that we are not to accept his resurrection as a type of our own. I am not making a plea for the orthodox faith in the matter. I am only asking you what is your belief, and how it can be made to harmonize with evolutionary theories of the resurrection of Christ and of the immortality of the soul. H. A. H.

Christ became "the first-fruits" of the resurrection, not in an absolute but a relative sense. Not that no resurrection *occurred* before his, but none was *known* before his. The previous raisings of the dead related in Scripture were cases of resuscitation, not of resurrection. Our resurrection will be like his, because a transition like his from the "natural" to the "spiritual" body. "Spiritual" must be understood as describing, not the *stuff* of the new body, but the organizing *power* in that body, and the relation of the organism to the power. The narratives of Jesus's resurrection all describe him as in a body *newly related* to the power of the inhabiting spirit, a body showing *traces* of earthly conditions, with superiority to the *limitations* of earthly conditions. As to what became of the crucified body, we have two views to choose between: (1) It dissolved in the grave like other bodies, and the narratives of the empty grave with angelic watchers are legendary, and the disciples' eyes were opened so that they beheld the spiritual body, which is to ordinary vision invisible. (2) The Gospel narratives of the resurrection are substantially historical, but they describe, not a *resuscitation*, or return into the earthly life subject to death, but a *resurrection*, or exaltation into the higher and undying life, accompanied or followed by a transformation of the body from a mortal into an immortal condition. The latter appears to us the more probable opinion.

1. A Sabellian denies the personality of Jesus Christ. Has he a moral right to call himself a Christian minister, and act as one? 2. Why did early Christian martyrs oft inscribe on Christian tombs the word "Resurgam" (I will rise again), and not "Surrexi" (I have arisen)? 3. What means Christ's assertion, "I am the Resurrection and the Life"? What life? 4. If corpses of saints have no resurrection, why that earthquake at Christ's death that opened the tombs of many sleeping saints near Jerusalem? Did spirits come forth and go into Jerusalem to be seen of many? D. H. C.

1. The theory of Sabellius was that Deity, being a monad, evolves itself into a triad (the Trinity), which ultimately returns again into the monad. He did not deny the personality of Christ. 2. Perhaps as the farewell word of the earthly life; perhaps from a misconceiving of their resurrection as not to be immediately realized. 3. "I am"

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is an assertion of personality, and personality is a power, in this case the power that effects the resurrection and realizes the indestructible life. 4. This (see Matthew xxvii., 52, 53) is beyond all reasonable doubt a legendary addition to the Gospel narrative, perhaps interpolated from the apocryphal "Acts of Pilate," about A.D. 150.

Does not Matthew xxv., 46, involve a comparison between the different states of the righteous and the wicked after death? Does it not teach that the punishment of the wicked is to be as lasting, as truly endless, as the life and happiness of the righteous? Does it not affirm a sameness of the two different states on the one point of duration? CONSTANT READER.

The Revised Version regularly substitutes "eternal" for "everlasting" in this and other passages. The idea of duration connected with the word "eternal" is derived from the nature of the thing described as eternal, as the eternal hills, or stars, or God. Till we first know that the punishment or the life is *in its nature* endless, the word "eternal" cannot be so construed. But various reasons appear why the life should be endless, and the punishment not be. The Greek has several words that denote strict endlessness. None of these is ever used to describe future retribution.

In Notes and Queries, September 3, you say, in reply to a question from me, "The word ἀδικία *always carries a moral censure.*" On that supposition, what meaning would you attach to the expression (Luke xvi., 9) τοῦ μαμωνᾶ τῆς ἀδικίας? The disciples are taught to use this mammon so as to make friends for themselves. Does the expression mean that they had acquired the mammon by censurable means?

C. H. P.

The text you refer to only makes explicit the ungodliness of "mammon" (*i.e.*, wealth) implied in Matthew vi., 24. It is explicitly termed "the mammon of unrighteousness," not as being *in itself* unrighteous, but as being commonly so used at that time, of which there is abundant proof. Jesus exhorts his hearers to use benevolently the wealth which others were using unrighteously.

1. Please oblige me by giving your interpretation of the following passages: (1) Corinthians xi., 27–29; (2) Hebrews vi., 4, 5, 6. 2. Of what religious denomination is President McKinley? 3. Was Mr. Gladstone a total abstainer? 4. If not, how is his influence looked upon by the leading temperance workers? A. V. B.

1. The first passage means, as shown by the context, that neglect to distinguish the bread and cup of the Lord's Supper from that consumed at a common meal dishonors the body and blood of the Lord, and brings punishment in the form of the sickness and death that had visited the Corinthian church. The second passage sets forth the hopelessness, to human view, of those who, after making trial of Christianity, had apostatized from it. 2. Methodist. 3. We believe not. 4. We do not know.

I want to read up on the history of Israel. What work or works would you recommend?

A MINISTER.

For an elaborate history see Grätz's volumes (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia). For a compend on modern critical lines see Cornill's (Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago); also Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile" (Putnams, New York). For the period of the prophets see W. R. Smith's "Prophets of Israel" (Appleton, New York); also Cornill's popular sketches of the same, and "Early Pupils of the Spirit," new edition (Whittaker, New York).

Kindly inform me if it be the common opinion of Christian literary men that Alexander Pope was an infidel. Does The Outlook look upon his works as those of an infidel?

A. E. G.

No one can look upon Pope as an infidel who has read his "Essay on Man." See lines 327–340:

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God,

. . . . . .

And knows, where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in love of God and love of Man.

# About People

—The will of the late Rowland Hazard, the wealthy woolen manufacturer of Rhode Island, includes a bequest of $100,000 to Brown University. The testator was a member of the Brown Corporation.

—Professor E. S. Morse, of Salem, whose "Morse Collection" of Japanese pottery in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is well known, has been decorated by the Japanese Emperor. In recognition of the Professor's work for science and Japan, he has received the "order of the third class of the Rising Sun."

—The coincident deaths of Eugene Boudin, the marine painter, and Charles Garnier, the architect of the Opera-House in Paris, recall the fact that both men started life as poor boys. The former was originally a sailor

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and the son of a Honfleur pilot; the mother of the latter was a vender of vegetables.

—The Rev. Robert L. Paddock, of Cleveland, has declined the office of Archdeacon of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Ohio, made vacant by the election of the Rev. William M. Brown as Bishop Coadjutor of Arkansas. Mr. Paddock has accepted the appointment of priest in charge of the Pro-Cathedral in New York City.

—"Most of my boyhood," says F. Marion Crawford, "was spent under a French governess. Not only did I learn that language from her, but all of my studies—geography, arithmetic, etc.—were taught me in French, and I learned to write it with great readiness as a mere boy because it was the language of my daily tasks. The consequence is that to this day I write French with the ease of English."

—"The announcement that Frank J. Queen, a son-in-law of Daniel Boone, had just died," says the Louisville "Times," "sounds like an anachronism, but events have taken such a stride since the days of Kentucky's immortal pioneer that the period in which he lived seems more remote than it really is. Still, Mr. Queen's life had been prolonged far beyond the limits of most of his contemporaries, or he could not have reached back to Kentucky's primitive days. He was ninety-one years old, having been born in 1807. Daniel Boone was born in 1735, and did not die till 1820, when young Queen was thirteen years old. The two lives make a chain encompassing 163 years."

—The early history of the Rev. Alexander Crummell, D.D., who died the other day in the eightieth year of his age, was one of peculiar interest. We quote from the New York "Sun:"

He was born in New York City, and was the son of an African stolen when a boy and brought to this country. In 1835, in company with Henry Highland Grant, late United States Minister to Liberia, and Thomas Sidney, he entered a school at Canaan, N. H., but was not permitted to remain. Afterward they entered the Oneida Institute and remained three years. In 1839 he made an application for admission to the General Theological Seminary in New York, as he desired to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. This application was denied, but subsequently a license to preach was obtained from the denomination. He went to England in 1848, and entered Queen's College, Cambridge, and graduated in 1853. He entered the missionary service of his Church, and for twenty years he was in Liberia, during which time he acted as Principal of the Alexandria High School and President of the Liberia College. He returned to this country in 1873, and established in Washington St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, and continued as rector of that parish until 1895, when he retired.

## Bits of Fun

Farmer—Look, here, my son, it is time to repair our mill. The artists are beginning to paint it.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"These reporters have to scour the city for news." "Why don't they scour the news too, while they're about it?"—*Truth.*

Notwithstanding a fly has something like two thousand eyes, he cannot see that he is not wanted in the company he visits.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Here's an article which says preachers should never work at their sermons when tired." "How about working at them when their congregations are tired?"—*Chicago Record.*

"I s'pose you noticed that the war had quite a religious flavor?" "No. In what way?" "All the yachts were converted and many of the rumors were confirmed."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The annexation of Jerusalem would swell the German Emperor almost to the bursting point. We would have an "I and Solomon" manifesto in about fifteen minutes after the deed was signed.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Riding in an omnibus up Regent Street last evening I heard an old lady annoying the other passengers by her remarks. The conductor remonstrated with her, saying, "Ma'am, remember you are in a public vehicle, and behave as such."—*London Spectator.*

An ignorant foreigner was arrested in San Francisco the other day, and when taken to the city prison his condition was so uncleanly that he was told by the corporal to strip and take a bath. "Vat, go in de water?" he asked. "Yes, take a bath; you need it. How long is it since you had a bath?" With his hands aligned upward, he answered: "I never vas arrested before."—*Exchange.*

A delegate from the Far West to the recent educational convention told of an incident that happened to him some years ago, when he was making a trip on a pioneer stage. All one-half of the first day he sat beside the driver and endeavored to engage him in conversation. The driver was not to be engaged. He was not exactly surly, but he was cold. He was distant, he wouldn't talk, and he evidently didn't care to be talked to. The stage stopped for dinner at a little eating-house, and when it rolled away again the driver seemed like another man. He talked, he told stories, he was the soul of affability. Later he explained the matter to the teacher. "I didn't take a shine to you nohow this morning," he said; "I thought you was one of these here psalm-singing gospel fellows, and I ain't got no use for that kind. But when I seen you setting up there and a-eating pie with a fork, I changed my mind. I knowed right away you was a gambler."—*Exchange.*

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# For the Little People

### Young Astronomers

By Mira C. Parsons

Ted says the stars are fireflies, lost
As far, far up they flew;
Roy calls them little silver nails
To hold the floor of blue;
May calls them "gimlet-holes in Heaven
To let the glory through."

### The Rainy-Day Postman

By Annie Willis McCullough

"It's a splendid rainy-day plan!" shouted Maurice. The children were having a conference about what they should do that afternoon.

Mildred had proposed the plan, and she smiled modestly. "I know papa would like it," she said. "He's dreadful lonesome while mamma is away. We are too, but, then, we go to bed early, and poor papa has to sit up, of course, all alone."

"I do hope grandma will soon be well, and then mamma can come home right away," exclaimed Edith. She was six years old, but still "the baby," and she missed mamma dreadfully.

Nurse let them all have pencils or pens and writing-paper, and they passed a busy afternoon getting ready to surprise poor lonely papa, when he should come home, wet and tired.

At last his key was heard in the latch, and the children flew to meet him. Maurice took his dripping umbrella; Mildred had his slippers well warmed, and Edie pushed his favorite chair up to the open fire.

"Ah, this is nice," said papa, as they waited on him. "It is a good, good home to come to, my dears."

Soon the supper-bell rang, and they all went to the dining-room.

"Why, what's this?" cried papa, as he pulled his chair out. On its seat lay an envelope addressed to him. It was marked, in the lower left-hand corner, *By the rainy-day postman.*

They all sat down at the table, the children red and smiling.

"This must be a new postman, my dears," remarked papa. "Does he look very different from our other postman? He must be a kind fellow, to be willing to be the one who tramps out on the rainy days, delivering letters."

At this Maurice almost choked over his glass of water.

"He is, papa," said Mildred. "I've seen him; he's quite a little fellow for a postman." She looked at Maurice, smiling.

As papa lifted his plate he almost dropped it, for there lay another letter marked, *By the rainy-day postman.*

"Well, children," he said, looking around, "this rainy-day postman is more than kind; he is really generous. It is very pleasant to get letters on a rainy night, and I thank him."

"It isn't a *him*, it's a her, this time," burst in Maurice. But papa didn't take any notice. He went on opening his letters. The first one read like this:

*My dear Papa:* It's awful stormy and I thought you'd like to have a letter from me to-night, when you come home tired and wet. I spilled some ink on the library table doing this, but most of it went on the blotter. I hope you will not care. Very truly yours,

MAURICE.

P. S.—Mildred thought of this plan.

The other note read as follows, only the spelling *had* to be changed, for dear little Mildred was no speller:

*My darling Papa:* We thought it is so lonely without mamma that you would enjoy to hear from us by letter. We have tried to be good to-day. Yesterday we didn't, *very* hard, but we are sorry. Your loving little daughter,

MILDRED.

In a moment some one passed the bread to papa. As he lifted the top slice off, a square white something lay underneath—a tiny envelope addressed like the others.

"This curious rainy-day postman must certainly be rewarded," said papa, as he lifted the envelope. In it was a little sheet of paper with these words:

*Dear, dear Papa:* I don't want you to be lonely, so I send you my love.

Your little girl, EDIE.

"Now, children," said papa, "after supper you must all be on the lookout, and if you see anything of that rainy-day postman, just invite him in to have some candy and nuts



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with us. He's just the dearest fellow I ever heard of, to be thinking all this afternoon about a lonely papa who hasn't any dear good mamma to sit with this evening. I expected to feel more lonely than usual, too, for I didn't get my daily letter from her to-day."

How the children chattered then, telling about their plan and their delight in papa's surprise! It was a very pleasant supper.

Just as they were going through the hall to the library, the bell rang loudly. Papa stepped to open it, and there, with streaming waterproof, but the happiest face in the world, stood mamma.

"This is the letter I missed to-day," exclaimed papa, as he took her in his arms.

"Yes, I thought I'd bring myself instead of writing. It's very pleasant to surprise one's family and see how they are behaving when they think one is away," laughed mamma, stopping at every other word to hug the children. "And grandma is so much better, I couldn't stay away any longer."

"Well, ma'am, you are just in time for a little party," said papa, as he took off her wraps and led her into the dining-room, Mildred, Edith, and Maurice following. "We plan this evening to entertain the rainy-day postman. You are not acquainted with him yet, but I'll introduce you, and you will surely like him when I tell you how good he is to lonely people on rainy evenings!"

It was a gala night to the family. Papa had a box of candy, and his pockets full of nuts, and mamma had little gifts for them all. The children sat up an hour later than usual, as a special treat, and their eyes shone and their hearts swelled to hear what papa and mamma had to say of the kindness and the cleverness of the rainy-day postman.

### Prince Tatters

By Laura E. Richards

Little Prince Tatters has lost his cap!
  Over the hedge he threw it;
Into the river it fell "kerslap!"
  Stupid old thing to do it!
Now Mother may sigh and Nurse may fume
For the gay little cap with its eagle plume.
"One cannot be thinking all day of such
    matters!
Trifles are trifles!" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has lost his coat,
  Playing he did not need it!
Left it *right there*, by the nanny-goat,
  "And nobody never seed it!"
Now Mother and Nurse may search till night
For the little new coat with its buttons bright;
But—"Coat-sleeves or shirt-sleeves, how little
    it matters!
Trifles are trifles!" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has LOST HIS BALL!
  Rolled away down the street!
Somebody'll *have to find it*, that's all,
  Before he can sleep or eat.
Now raise the neighborhood quickly, do!
And send for the crier and constable too!
"Trifles are trifles; but serious matters,
*They* must be *seen* to," says little Prince
    Tatters. —*St. Nicholas.*

### Two Friends

Two such funny dogs, Gyp and Philippine! One white and curly, with a long bang hiding his loving eyes, and a tail that is never still—that is Gyp. A black dog, thin, with long ears and a chopped tail—that is Phil, as he is called for short. Gyp has been a member of the family for several years, but Phil has come into the family this summer. At first Gyp rather disliked sharing with Phil the love and attention which had been all his, but he has got over that feeling, and is now never far away from Phil.

It is fun to see these dogs play. Phil will make a jump, take Gyp's ear, his tail, or any part of his curly coat in his mouth, pull him about, roll him over, attempt to shake him, Gyp all the time muttering little growls. The moment Gyp barks, or makes a sound showing that he is hurt, Phil stops. The funniest thing you can imagine is Phil pulling Gyp along by the ear, as if he were guilty of something wrong and was being taken to be punished.

Gyp is most beautiful after he is washed; his coat lies in soft, woolly rings all over his body; it is difficult to tell, when he is lying down, which is his head and which is his tail. One day recently, Bridget, who loves Gyp dearly, washed him and tied a yellow ribbon on his neck. Gyp was very proud of his decoration, and responded with every appearance of enjoyment to the remarks on his beauty. Alas! in ten minutes he reappeared wet, bedraggled, with bits of twigs, leaves, and mud disfiguring him. He crept close to the floor, and tried to avoid being seen. Presently Phil appeared, caught sight of the yellow

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ribbon, gave a jump, caught it in his mouth, and dragged Gyp into sight, such an unhappy-looking little dog!

I am sorry to say that this tendency to get dirty as soon as he is washed is one of Gyp's faults, though the sight of Bridget will send him under the bed, or any other spot he thinks will hide him, he hates being washed so much. In spite of his dislike of soap and water, he will not keep clean.

Let me tell you a secret. I have known some little people who were very like Gyp in this, but they cried and made a noise when washed. Gyp just looks miserable.

# The Home Club

### The Domestic Problem Again

An interesting article has appeared in the "American Kitchen Magazine" entitled "A Domestic Service Investigation." But though the article is interesting, it is not conclusive. It represents the work done by a group of women who undertook the investigation of the domestic service problem as presented in the leaflet on Domestic Service Investigation issued by the Boston Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ. The topic is "Relations of Employer to Employee."

It is admitted that the domestic service question finds its greatest difficulty in the fact that it is uneconomic, and that until it is put in an economic relation it cannot be solved. Various suggestions have been made. One who has studied this subject sees some solution of the problem through the arranging of regular hours of work, all service after a given hour to be paid for. The time for the closing of the regular hours of work is put at seven P M. in this suggestion. As this is the dinner hour of many families, it would be simply impossible to fix a definite hour. Besides that, the varying slowness or quickness with which servants work makes it impossible to regulate the time arbitrarily with any degree of justice to all.

It certainly seems possible in every household for mistress and maid alike to understand that there is a certain amount of work which is to be done each day, and that all demands on the servant for more than this specified service will be paid for as extra service. For instance, why should servants who are hired to do the regular work of a family be also called upon to do, without extra pay or some compensating privilege, the extra work made necessary by entertaining, especially when refreshments are provided at ten or eleven o'clock at night, which involves the servants' remaining up until twelve? Why should this be considered as part of the regular work of the family? In all justice this work should be paid for as extra work, or else extra service hired for that evening, and the servants dismissed when the regular work of the day is done.

At times of sickness the grossest injustice is sometimes done the servants. Sickness involves extra labor and irregular hours, and yet comparatively few mistresses feel called upon to give extra compensation to the servants, who have often made tremendous sacrifices of strength during the period of illness in the family.

This question of regulating the amount of service is, of course, the kernel of the whole situation, and depends for its adjustment wholly on the sense of justice that animates the mistress and the business ability of the mistress. Where but one servant is kept, the relation between the mistress and the servant can never be an entirely impersonal relation, and it is in the household where but one servant is kept that the greatest injustices must be borne. It is here that there is the loneliness and exclusion. It is usually in these cases that the greatest amount of extra service is demanded, without compensation for that service. The meals of the one maid are not watched as they should be, nor care taken that she shall have leisure for her meals and the kitchen to herself, the children to be excluded entirely from the kitchen during the servant's meal-times. There should always be provision for the maid to entertain her friends at reasonable times, and it should be made clear to her that she can entertain her friends. The house is her home, not merely the place where she works.

Of course in the last analysis the personal equation must settle the question of how many privileges shall be extended and how they shall be regulated. No general rules can be enforced in all families alike; but this is certainly true, that where there is a sense of justice, the relation between mistress and maid is rarely a strained one. Almost

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always there is some compensation, either of unexpected privileges or in money, when extra and unspecified demands are made upon a servant's time. If the servant works late, she is given as many hours the next day to herself, or she is paid for the extra service in money. Unions have been suggested for the protection of servants. When the demand is so much greater than the supply, the business is protected. A strike, the last resource of the union, could never be carried out where affection or loyalty plays so large a part as it does between mistress and maid. The intelligence office gossip is the servant's protection. More than one mistress has found herself boycotted. The basis of the contract between mistress and maid should be specific, with extra reward for extra service, especially in the home where but one maid is kept.

### The Family and the Community

A correspondent writes a protest against the waste of maintaining separate heaters and cooking-stoves in every home. She asks whether it is not possible to develop a central plant that would provide all the heat necessary in every household for all purposes. People living in the natural-gas regions enjoy just this freedom from care and waste to-day.

There is no question that co-operation is possible that will reduce the waste of the individual house. But this co-operation will require unselfishness, a vast amount, from the projector or projectors. Certainly a bread-baker might be found who could and would make the bread, cake, and rolls of a group of families. Not baker's bread, etc., as we know it, but home-made breads, cakes, and breakfast breads. A co-operative laundry might do more to solve the problem of domestic service, increase comfort, and secure leisure in which mistress and maid may possess their souls, than the manual-training schools and domestic-training schools will accomplish in the next century, not to mention what the former might accomplish in training to skilled labor the now unskilled washerwoman who is the sociological problem of the tender-hearted philanthropist.

The gas companies are providing, in a way, the heat for cooking. When they grow broad-minded enough to put in a meter connected with the cooking-stove and sell the gas at wholesale that is used at wholesale, they will serve far better their own and the consumer's interest; more people will use gas. The problem of heating by gas to-day, because of the odor that seems inseparable from a gas heater, must be left for science and invention to solve.

There is no more reason for maintaining individual laundries and bakeries than individual academies for the education of the children of the family. It is a question of public sentiment, intelligence, and comprehension of what money can accomplish in the interest of the family. Time and character will solve the question as to exactly how far it is wise for each family to supply its own needs which are at the same time community needs.

### A Suggestion

A correspondent suggests that the magazine advertisement-pictures pasted on blocks of wood would provide work and amusement for children on Sunday. She believes this will afford more amusement than pictures pasted in scrap-books. These blocks could be arranged inside of a large pasteboard box. Outdoor scenes, summer or winter, may be arranged with bits of glass for lakes and rivers. Cotton dipped in alum-water would represent snow and ice. Interiors could be arranged, and history scenes and incidents, sacred and profane, could be reproduced. The suggestion is a good one, as some illustrations could in this way be made to serve many purposes. A child clever with scissors and paint-box could make a series of historic scenes that would be both educational and entertaining. A child of imagination would find no limit to the characters and scenes he could reproduce by the aid of these pictures so mounted.

### The Family Story-Teller

The art of story-telling is an art worthy of cultivation in every household. The story need not necessarily be original, though practice improves this gift if it is possessed even in the germ, but the ability to tell a story that has been read is a gift to be prized and cultivated. To retell the myths, the legends, that have been told by the classic writers, so that to the child learning them they are eternally new, is to be a genius that can bring joy and its correlative, peace, to the children. The practice may begin with Mother Goose in prose until one has acquired command enough to appear as a story-teller to the children able to read. The choice of material is wide. History, as well as funny stories or the stories of the old classics, will hold the attention and interest of children if dramatically told.

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